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April, 2000

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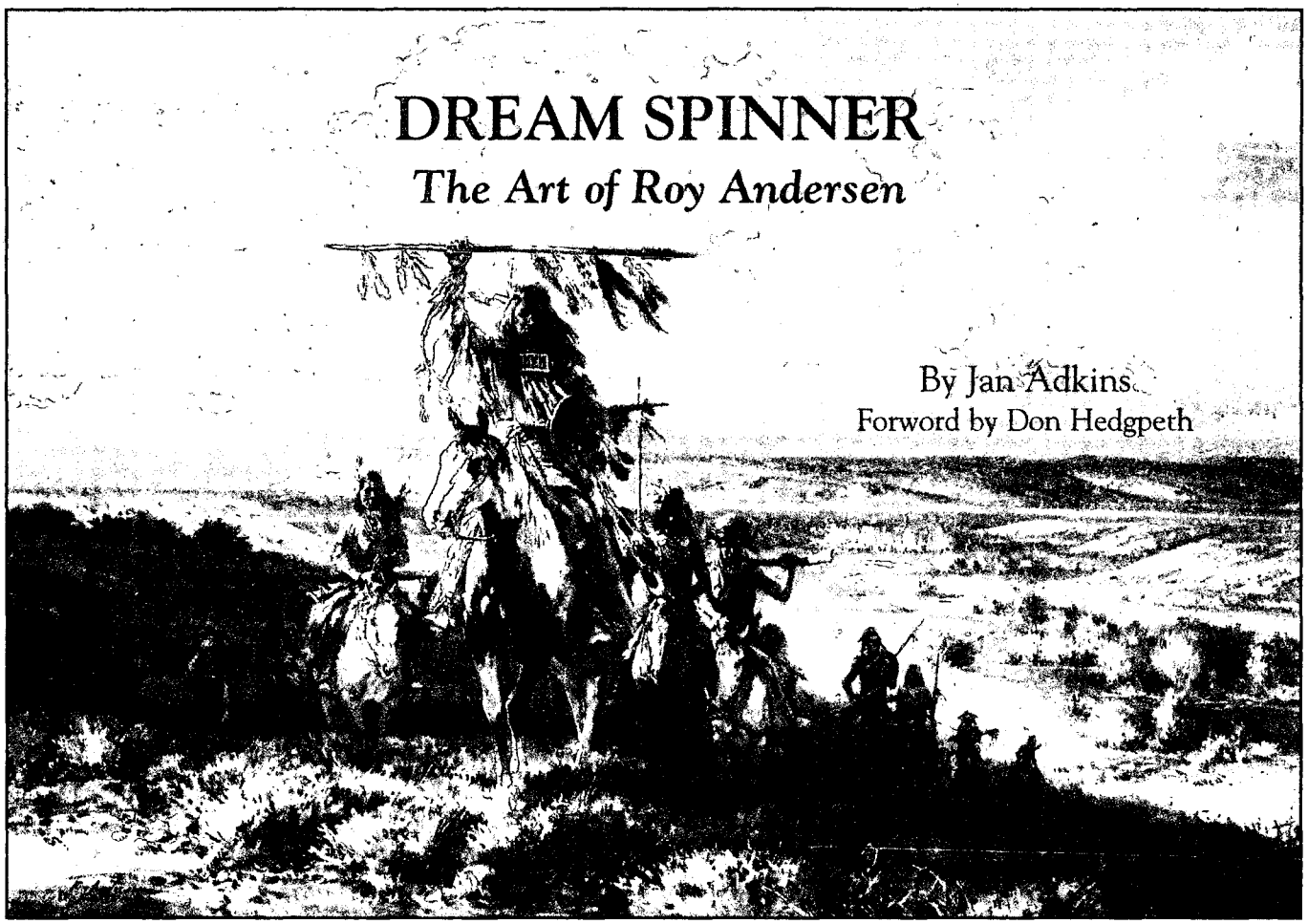

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TRUE WEST

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Lotta Crabtree
Courtesy Bob Boze Bell

This page: Colorado Charlie Utter at the grave of Wild Bill Hickok. Courtesy University of Oklahoma.

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TO THE POINT

FAHRENHEIT 32

Is history cool?

A freshman History major finds it pretty cool; a hundred boring lectures later, most jump ship for the icy waters of Forestry, or Anthropology. I've never heard one blame the subject, always the presentation.

I once had a history professor who showed up for lectures in character, and costume, in accordance with the lesson of the day. He pulled off Ben Franklin and Will Rogers with ease, and not one head hit the desk in slumber. The presentation was slick and inventive and the history was cool, if only for an hour. How many people sat through all three hours of *Titanic* before realizing a history lesson had been dropped right in their lap?

We know the West is cool. How else can you explain grown men and women dressing up as Wyatt Earp and Annie Oakley for shooting matches, virtually every weekend, all around the world. Thank *Tombstone* for that; another damn cool presentation of history that grabbed millions by the throat and still hasn't let go.

So here lies the dilemma. How does *True West*, so gray for so long, and so stable in it's subject matter, join the ranks of historical hipness?

Obviously, the focus is already cool. You'll be hard pressed to find cooler tales than Andrew Jackson's duel with Charles Dickinson, James Bonham's doomed ride to gather reinforcements for the Alamo, or Elfego Baca's cowboy standoff.

So, the temperature depends on the show itself.

Somewhere along the road, *True West* forgot the fun. We became too obsessed with the nagging details found only in footnotes, and the basic parameters of "historical writing." In the process, we became just another boring history lecture in another hot, sleepy classroom. Joe Small never wanted that; he envisioned his banner publication as a celebration of the West—fun, lively, and young.

The writing has got to change. The presentation has got to change. The whole tone of what *True West* readers have grown comfortable with has got to change.

Mom and Dad have left for the weekend. The house is ours. Let's crank up the Victrola and wake the neighbors.

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OUTLAWS & LAWMEN

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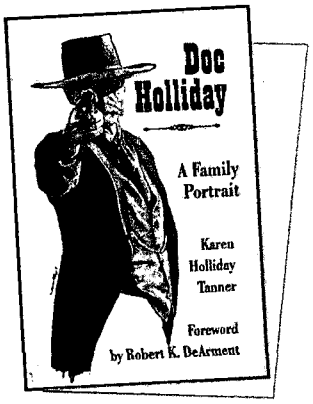

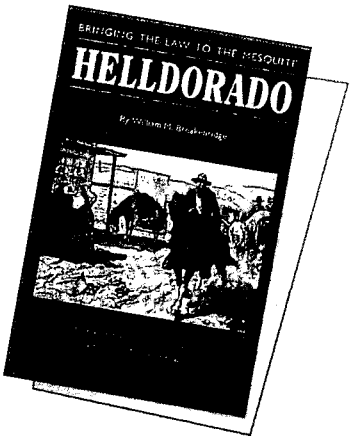

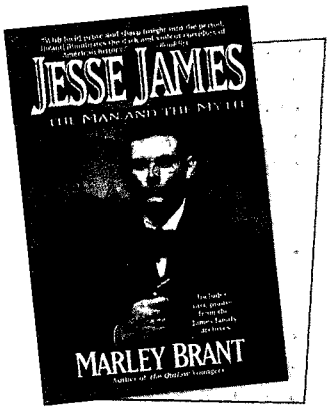

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DUCKING BULLETS

Wayne Brazel and Cordelia Lewis with her ham.

Back around 1906, **Cordelia Lewis**, of Weed, New Mexico, had a crush on a local, handsome cowboy named **Wayne Brazel.** She loves to recount how she would tease her father's bull and then climb up a tree to be rescued by Wayne, who she describes as a "big, blue-eyed, curly-haired blond with a big hat, chaps and full cowboy gear." Two years later, in 1908, Brazel allegedly shot and killed **Pat Garrett.** Brazel was acquitted on grounds of self-defense and drifted into Arizona only to disappear from history. Fast forward to January 1, 2000. Cordelia proudly proclaimed to the world she had lived large in three centuries (she was born in 1899). To honor this monumental achievement, the executive editor of this magazine drove down to Bisbee, Arizona, where she was visiting her cousin, and presented Cordelia with a ham (don't ask why, it's a long story)...

...consummate Western showman and gun handler, **Jim Dunham** is appearing on the multi-part "Tales of the Gun" airing on **The History Channel.** Dunham, who is currently living in Atlanta, appears in several episodes, including "Guns of the Gunfighters" and "The Guns of Colt." The series is being produced by Old West documentary specialists, **Greystone Productions** out of Los Angeles...

...the long-awaited **Custer** epic, Marching to Valhalla, penned by **Michael Blake** (*Dances With Wolves*), to be helmed by **Oliver Stone,** and starring **Brad Pitt** as Custer, has hit another snag. Originally scheduled for production in 1999, the oft-delayed saga (it has been in development for at least five years) has supposedly suffered from problems resulting from Oliver Stone's recent drug run-ins with the law...

...In spite of recent box office failures, such as the critically-acclaimed, Ride With The Devil, about the Quantrill's Raiders aspect of the Civil War, and spotty product, such as the **Bill Pullman** remake of **The Virginian,** the word from a producer in Hollywood is that "everyone is hot to do a Western." May we make a suggestion: *Quit grinding the same old tired cliches into the sod! There are oodles of characters and stories which have never been told. Read this issue if you don't believe us...*

...cynical wags kept telling us, "they always die in threes," and as much as we didn't want to believe them, they were right. First, singing cowboy, **Rex Allen** was run over in Tucson, then legendary country singer **Hank Snow** exited the auditorium, followed in quick succession by **Clayton Moore,** the best remembered **Lone Ranger.** And before you could say "a fiery horse with the speed of light," all three had disappeared over the divide. In a disturbing display of Western icon-ignorance, a large daily (okay, it was Arizona's *Scottsdale Tribune*) ran a photo of **Hopalong Cassidy** and attributed it to Rex Allen. Where's a silver bullet when you really need one?

Singing cowboy: Rex Allen, an Arizona native, sang many of his yodeling Western tunes to his trusty equine, Koko.

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The Real Photo

Billy the Kid had his photograph taken *only* once. But since that cold day in 1880, it seems a "new" Billy photo has presented itself every month since, give or take a few. They show up in likely places like yard sales and antique shops... and in unlikely places like high-dollar auctions and tortillas. Each month *True West* will run an "alleged" photo of Billy... see if it could be a real Billy to you!

If you have a "Billy" photo you would like to submit for inspection, please send the image, with return postage, to This Month's Billy, PO Box 8008, Cave Creek, AZ 85327. Please include a phone number so we may contact you if we have any questions regarding your submission.

Could It Be?

Source

R.G. McCubbin, El Paso, Texas

Provenance

Found at the Silver Lady antique shop in Tombstone, Arizona, 1993.

Similarities

ON A SCALE OF 1-10

Ears: 6 • Eyebrows: 8 • Nose: 5 • Chin: 10

Total Score

29

Comments

Although McCubbin admits there is no real provenance for the image, he insists this is how Billy *should* look.

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Buffaloed

I see you have new owners and a new direction for the magazine (Jan. 2000). Now right in the middle of the first cover sits Buffalo Bill. That's what shook me. I was born in Cody, Wyoming, in 1912 and raised in that area. I had Buffalo Bill right up to my ears. I was hoping you would go in a different direction.

JAMES R. JENKINS
OATMAN, ARIZONA

Bills vs. Bull

I do really enjoy the new format of the magazine. It seems more friendly than any other magazine that I read. I look forward to getting *True West* instead of bills.

RALPH GONICHELIS
BRENTWOOD, MARYLAND

True West has taken one giant leap forward and the future looks bright. Stillwater and Oklahoma will miss you, but what will be will be and I wish you well. The February issue is great and I know future issues will be just as good. Your hard work shows. Full speed ahead.

ARTHUR SHOEMAKER
HOMINY, OKLAHOMA

I'm flabbergasted! I knew you were pulling up stakes and hitting the dusty trail for old Arizona, but didn't expect such a colorful debut (Feb. 2000). And with Coors ads yet! You should be plenty proud of the first two issues.

Incidently, what happened to the other two mags? Is *Old West* still in the picture?

BILL GARWOOD
MECHANICSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA

Two of our three titles will continue. Hunter's Frontier Times *will not.* Old West *magazine will become a semi-annual and will be bigger (10"x 13") and better. Look for it this summer.*

What a big, good change. Now *True West* has joined the ranks of a professional looking magazine. I especially relish the paper quality. Keep it up. Keep it up.

CLEIS & JERRY JORDAN
CASA DE PATRÓN
LINCOLN, NEW MEXICO

Your February cover couldn't have been more beautiful. Color is excellent. Good luck in future editions.

REV. DON FIELD
MINERS AND RANCHERS CHURCH
CAVE CREEK, ARIZONA

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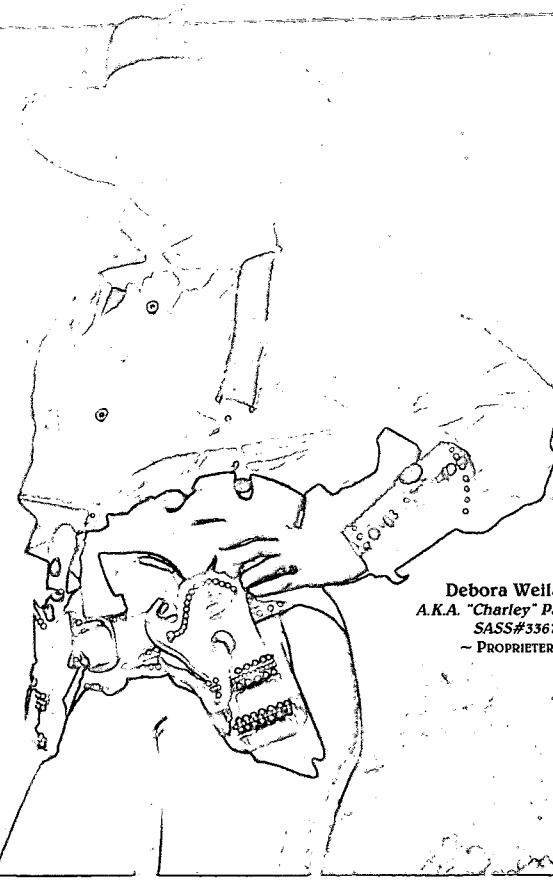

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Enjoying "Death"

I especially enjoyed the article, "Through the Valley of the Shadow of Death," (Feb. 2000) which had to do with the Albert Jennings Fountain and Pat Garrett killings. For the longest time I have wanted to get more information on those incidents, and your fine piece filled in many blanks. Thank you.

JEAN LINN
KINGMAN, ARIZONA

My sincere congratulations for the improvements to your magazine. The new paper seems to give a better contrast to the print for easier reading. I especially like the method you use of keeping a story together instead of the "continued on page___ routine." If Mr. Mueller of Kansas needs a new dictionary ("Truely Western," Feb. 2000), lets all chip in and send him one as I enjoy a challenge to the vocabulary. Mr. Huff, keep up the good work and enjoy the great state of Arizona.

JOE STANLEY
EL RENO, OKLAHOMA

Blinding Inspiration

My father, Markley St. John is having to cancel his subscription due to a loss of vision. He can no longer read after having a stroke last July.

However, I want to let you know he will continue to enjoy your magazine through the Utah State Library's Blind and Physically Handicapped Program, as they have each issue of *True West* available on cassette tapes.

Dad has been a loyal reader of your magazine since its inception and he is so happy he can continue "reading" it through this wonderful program.

G. MAXINE GOEDE
DANIEL, WYOMING

A Note From "Mom"

Hurray for Robert McCubbin and Richard Baish! The new edition is TRUE CLASS!

Marcus, I think you are doing a terrific job! Give my love to the whole gang.

MRS. JOE AUSTELL SMALL
(ELIZABETH)
AUSTIN, TEXAS

Ah, The Good Old Days...

Perhaps the move to Cave Creek (wherever that's at) had something to do with it, but I like the change in stories. Especially, "The Dumas Revisited" By Norma Jean Almodovar (Feb. 2000). She did a fine job on the article. Back in the 1930s, Butte was a lively place. Of course, the one [brothel] in Billings wasn't a second fiddle either.

I'm not surprised to hear of the Dumas Brothel's condition, heck, Billings wiped out their district several years ago—the lily-livered do-gooders seen to that—and they'll wipe out Butte, too.

CLELL BECKER
ROCHESTER, WASHINGTON

Buck the Establishment

Your establishment-wrenching new look for *True West* is a great improvement. I hope your prospective advertisers recognize the new possibilities.

JOHN SOUTHWORTH
BURBANK, CALIFORNIA

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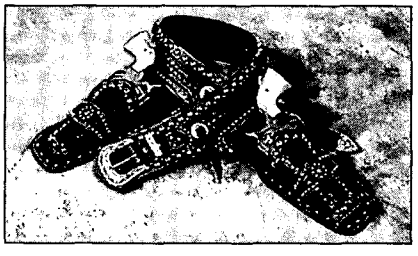

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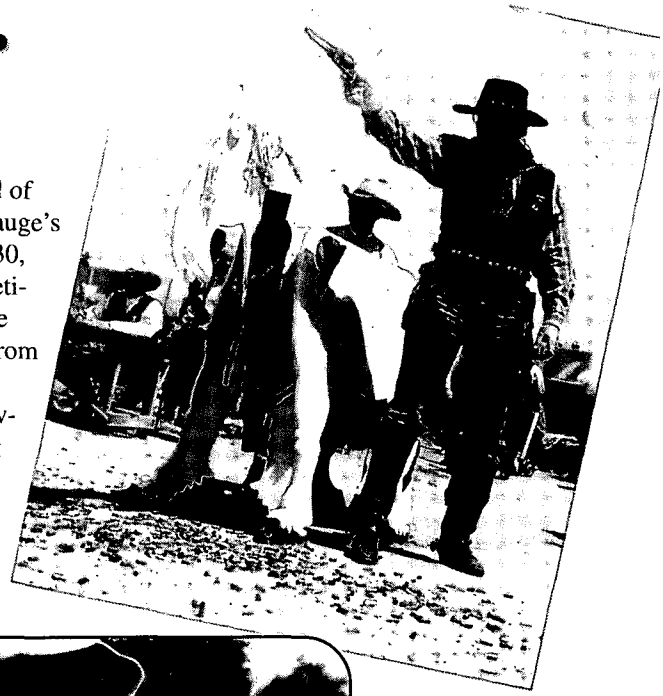
END OF TRAIL SASS WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP

APRIL 28-30



The Wild West lives in Southern California when the 18th Annual End of Trail Cowboy Action Shootout and Wild West Jubilee returns to Raahauge's Ranch in Norco for three days of unbridled cowboy revelry, April 28-30, 2000. The nation's oldest and largest Cowboy Action Shooting competition and Wild West festival is dedicated to preserving the history of the Old West. It draws more than 600 authentically dressed competitors from around the world to vie for the **World Championship of Cowboy Action Shooting.** Historical re-enactments, educational seminars, cowboy poetry, costume contests, equestrian events, chuck wagon cooking contest, cavalry encampment and more. Vendor booths offering cowboy gear, memorabilia, antiques, authentic clothing, arts, crafts and food. Admission is $10 per person per day; kids 12 and under are free. Proceeds to benefit **Roy Rogers Happy Trails Children's Foundation.** For more information, call (714) 998-0209.

MARCH

Texas Cowboy Poetry Gathering
March 3-5, 2000
Alpine, TX
915-837-8191
Cowboys from neighboring states gather for poetry readings and music gathering; includes the Trappings of Texas Art and Gear Show.

Larned Antique Show and Sale
March 10-12, 2000
Larned, KS
316-285-6916
Antique dealers from a four-state area will be on hand selling items such as depression glass, jewelry, linens, antique furniture, primitives, collectibles, glassware, toys, books, and much more.

Percy De Wolfe Memorial Mail Race
March 15-18, 2000
Dawson City, Yukon, Canada
867-993-6851
A 210-mile race retracing the historical mail route along the Yukon River from Dawson City to Eagle, Alaska.

Cowboy Poetry and Music Festival
March 29 - April 2, 2000
Santa Clarita, CA
661-286-4021
The late Gene Autry's Melody Ranch, once the film location for *High Noon*, now hosts cowboy musicians, poets, and balladeers from around the country.

APRIL

Old Settlers' Music Festival
April 7-9, 2000
Dripping Springs, TX
512-346-1629
An outdoor music festival in the Texas hill country south of Austin, the self-proclaimed Live Music Capital of the

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World.

18th Annual Cowboy Songs and Range Ballads.
April 7-9, 2000
Cody, WY
307- 578-4028 Lillian Turner
Gathering of authentic cowboys with original songs and poetry at the Buffalo Bill Historical Center

Tobacco Valley Rendezvous
April 14-16, 2000
Eureka, MT
800-845-7085
www.northwestmontana.com
Annual spring festival includes an auction, car show, children's events, bed race. Historical demonstrations.

Northwest College 6th Annual Pow-wow
April 15, 2000
Powell, WY
307-754-6713
Gathering of tribal dancers, singers and drummers to celebrate this traditional Indian gathering.

Gold Nugget Days
April 20-23, 2000
Paradise, CA
530-872-8722
Four day celebration commemorating the April 1859 finding of a 54-pound gold nugget. Includes a parade, barbecue, revue, carnival, costume contest, craft fair, and more.

May

Cody Wild West Days
Cody, WY
May 12-14, 2000
307-587-4221
Horse and bull sales, cowboy trapping and western fashion show, and rodeo queen clinic.

Camp Rude Bluegrass Festival
May 12-14, 2000
Parkfield, CA
209-592-6389
Bluegrass Music Festival located in the coastal mountain range of Central California surrounded by rolling hills covered with oaks. Performers include the lost highway, Bear Ridge Bluegrass Band, and Compost Mountain Boys.

Cowboy Trade Day
May 13, 2000
Claremore, OK
918-341-6985
The Cowboy Trade Day is a cowboy swap meet, craft, and western trade show. Old West antiques to horse and vehicles. Cowboy, ranch, and Old West entertainment.

Santa Fe Trails Bluegrass Festival
May 19-21, 2000
Kansas City, KS
913-722-9300
Part of Kansas City's Americana Weekend, the celebration includes the Devil Barbecue Cookoff, the Prairie Winds Kite Festival, and great fiddle and old-time Irish and cowboy music.

Topanga Banjo Fiddle Contest and Folk Festival
May 21, 2000
Agoura Hills, CA
818-382-4819
The 40th Topanga Banjo Fiddle Contest is held at the set used for the television show *Dr. Quinn Medicine Woman* and countless western movies. Features bluegrass, old-time music and folk songs, crafts and folk dance.

Santa Fe Trail Days
May 27-29, 2000
Larned, KS
316-285-6916
Weekend of living history at Fort Larned National Historic Site.

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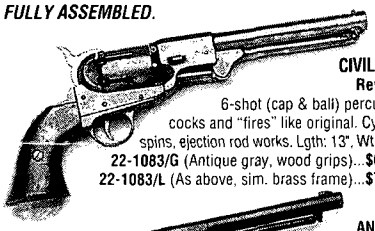
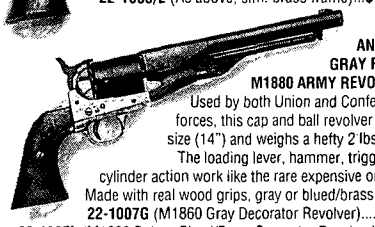
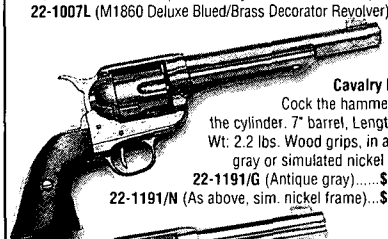


CIVIL WAR Revolver
6-shot (cap & ball) percussion cocks and "fires" like original. Cylinder spins, ejection rod works. Lgth: 13", Wt: 2 lbs.
22-1083/G (Antique gray, wood grips)...**$66 PPD**
22-1083/L (As above, sim. brass frame)...**$70 PPD**



ANTIQUE GRAY FINISH M1880 ARMY REVOLVER.
Used by both Union and Confederate forces, this cap and ball revolver is full-size (14") and weighs a hefty 2 lbs. 8 oz. The loading lever, hammer, trigger and cylinder action work like the rare expensive original. Made with real wood grips, gray or blued/brass finish.
22-1007G (M1860 Gray Decorator Revolver)..... **$67**
22-1007L (M1860 Deluxe Blued/Brass Decorator Revolver)... **$72**



1873 Cavalry Pistol.
Cock the hammer, spin the cylinder. 7" barrel, Length: 13", Wt: 2.2 lbs. Wood grips, in antique gray or simulated nickel frame.
22-1191/G (Antique gray).....**$67 PPD**
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Classic .45 revolver with wood grips and working action. 4.75" barrel, Length: 11.5", Wt: 2 lbs.
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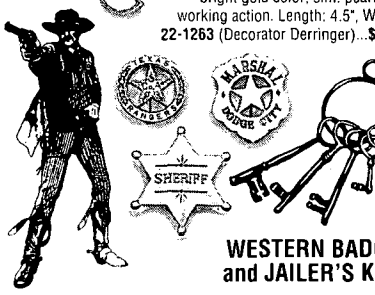

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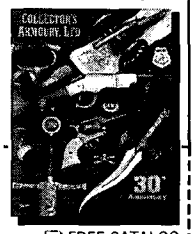

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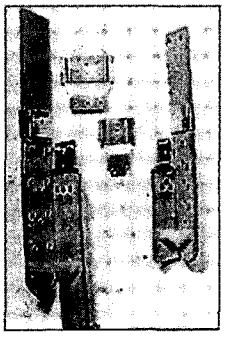

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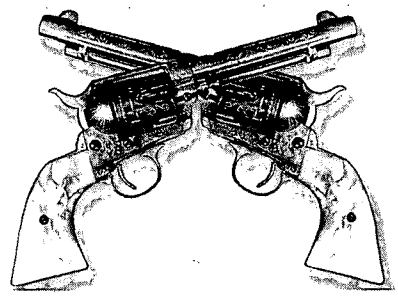

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Western Roundup is a report on places to go and things to see associated with the history of the Old West. Submissions are welcome. To be included in our Calendar of Events, please send all information at least three months in advance. Send information, including photos to: Roundup, P.O. Box 8008, Cave Creek, AZ 85327.

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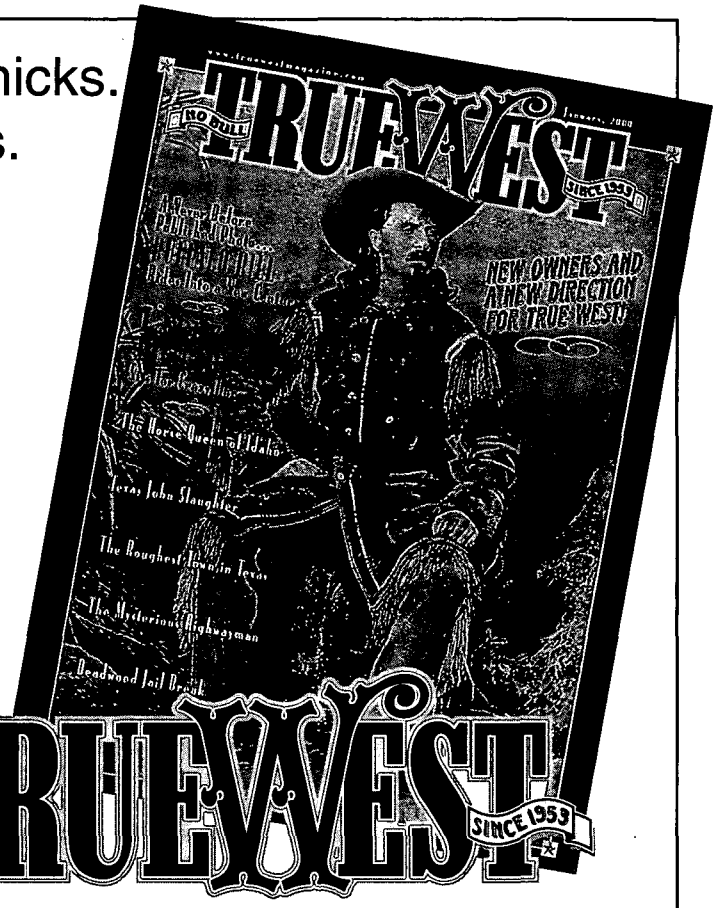

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WHISKEY PUNCH

Juice of 1/2 lemon
2 oz. Whiskey
1 tsp. sugar
1 dash Brandy

Shake all ingredients together. Strain into a glass or goblet with shaved or crushed ice. Garnish with fresh fruit. Makes one drink. In extreme cases, or for "group bites," multiply the recipe by ten, and serve in a chilled bucket.

ARACH 'EM UP

By Sherry Monahan

IN ADDITION TO THE infamous gunfighter element in Tombstone, Arizona, there were other, non-human threats that lived in and around the boom town. Despite its fine dining establishments, luxurious hotels, and spectacular saloons, Tombstone could not escape the native desert dwellers—pesky spiders, snakes, and other insects. These creatures were annoying, fearful, and prone to sting or bite, but then, so were some of Tombstone's human residents.

Tombstonians had many encounters with these critters; one such incident took place on a hot July afternoon in 1881 at C.S. Abbott's dairy ranch. A man working on the ranch had laid down under a shed to take a nap, but was abruptly awakened after being bitten by a tarantula. The spider bit him on the forefinger which swelled to horrific proportions. The swelling then traveled up the man's hand, arm, and eventually, his whole body was enlarged. Mr. Abbott immediately cauterized the bite, and then soaked the man's body in ammonia, and his diaphragm in whiskey.

The constant fear of snakebite caused people to do strange things. Dan Nichols was considered remarkably sober, and an industrious laborer, so it was surprise to all when the man was brought before the court

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on a charge of being drunk and disorderly in July 1881. After pleading guilty, Nichols told the puzzled judge that he only fell from grace because he had taken some of the "Oh-to-be-joyful" to prevent snake bites. The judge read Dan a lecture on the evil of such activities and pointed out that if he continued this type of "snake bite prevention," it would eventually bring "the snakes" to him. The judge's $5.00 fine made an impression that Nichols would not soon forget.

The dreaded centipede was another unwanted visitor to Tombstone's homes and businesses. The native centipedes averaged five to six inches in length, and caused significant pain to those unfortunate enough to be bitten. John Young was trying to disprove the theory that these insects did not bite. To illustrate his point, he put one of them on his arm and pinched its tail. The centipede angrily responded by biting Young's hand, which swelled almost immediately. All the known poison antidotes failed and Young suffered in great pain. His hand was then soaked in ammonia, as he consumed great quantities of whiskey to ease his suffering. Young was delirious for a day, and it was feared he would not live. The next day, however, the swelling subsided and the amateur entomologist recovered.

Hopefully, visitors to the desert will not encounter any of these creatures, but if you do, Whiskey Punch is a popular 1880s Tombstone saloon drink that might help ease the pain, if only for a little while.

Sherry Monahan is the author of *Taste of Tombstone,* and a frequent contributor to the *Tombstone Tumbleweed.* Sherry made her *True West* debut in 1997 with "Sleeping In Tombstone."

NOLA WANTS YOU!

If you are fascinated by the outlaws and lawmen of the Old West, you belong in NOLA, founded in 1974 and affiliated with the University of Wyoming. NOLA is a non-profit organization whose sole purpose is to pursue and publish the true history of the Old West by encouraging authentic researchers and providing them with a publishing outlet. As a member of NOLA, you will receive a quarterly magazine containing these writings and frequent newsletters throughout the year. This year, NOLA members will rendezvous in Wichita, Kansas, in late July.

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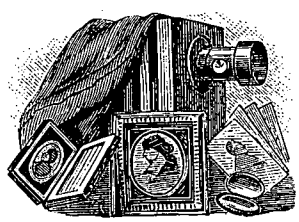
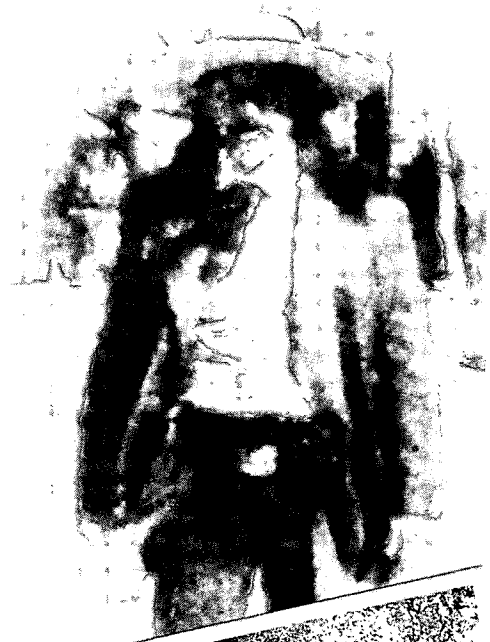
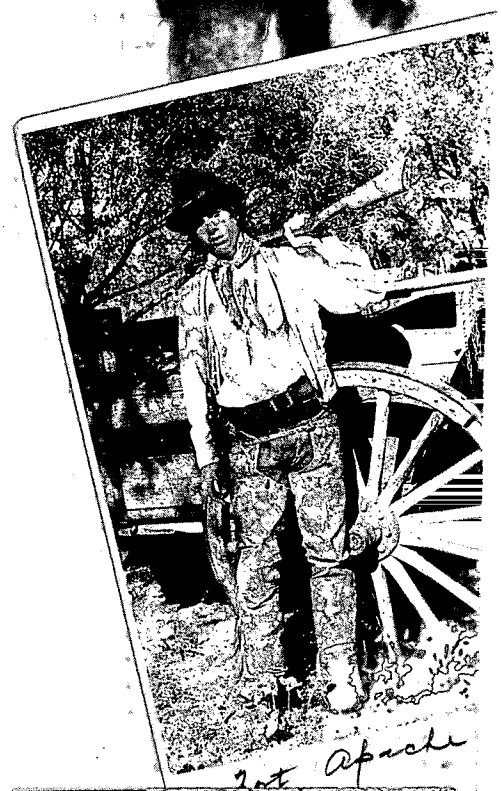
True West Exclusive

Faux Photographs of the Stiff, The Stern & The Stoic.

Buffs, reenactors and average citizens have been aping the stance and "look" of the nineteenth century photographic style for over a century. Most are laughable (in fact, a smile or nervous grin is a dead giveaway of a modern fake), but lately, thanks to Photoshop and an obsessive desire to emulate old photographs, some have come pretty darn close to pulling it off. Can you spot the fakes on these two pages? Better yet, can you spot the authentic photograph? (Yes, there's only one).







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Wild Bill Hickok *(left), actually Jerry Terantino. Captured on video at Pioneer, Arizona, 1996.* **Tom McLaury** *and horse (right), actually Logan Clark. On the* Tombstone *movie set, near Elgin, Arizona, 1993.* **Ike Clanton** *(middle right), actually a reenactor at the centennial of the Gunfight at the OK Corral in Tombstone, Oct. 26, 1981.*

Climax Jim *(above), of Solomonville, Arizona. Photo taken in the mid-1890s. This is the only authentic photo. Notice the tie-down holster and disco hair. (R.G. McCubbin collection)*

The Regulators *(above), actually taken at Pioneer, Arizona, Jan. 1996.* ***Dead Giveaway:*** *modern boots on second Regulator from the left.* **Wyatt Earp** *(right), actually Jeff Morey. Photo taken in the Crystal Palace, Tombstone, Arizona, May 1993.* ***Dead Giveaway:*** *the stereo speakers on the back wall and the camera strap on the guy at the bar.* **Billy the Kid I** *(left), actually Jeff Smith. Photo taken at an apartment building in west Phoenix, 1991.* ***Dead Giveaway:*** *The skip-troweled surface of the wall.* **Billy the Kid II** *(above left), actually William H. Cox. Photo taken behind the Ellis Store at Lincoln, New Mexico, Oct. 1991. (All faux photos by Bob Boze Bell)*

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Stock Acto
IN THE WES

By John Moring

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A western play about to be staged by a stock company embarking on a western circuit between California and Dallas, Texas, circa 1905. *Author's Collection.*

Lotta Crabtree gained international stage fame after dancing for rough '49ers under the tutelage of Lola Montez. *Bob Boze Bell Collection.*

Almost from the time the first settlers arrived in the West, and the first miners gathered in boom towns and camps in remote areas, there was a hunger for entertainment. Any form of entertainment would do, and it wasn't all bawdy leg shows. Shakespearean dramas and comedies, lectures, singers, and even jugglers were in demand everywhere. Filling this void often became the role of the stock company.

William S. Hart, the famous cowboy star of early movies, got his start in stock companies. It was excellent experience. But, traveling from town to town, learning new plays and new roles every week and even every day, was a tough way to make a living.

"It made no difference how long or how successful the season, it was beyond the terminal of possibility of the average salaried actor to return home with over a few dollars in his pocket," Hart wrote in 1915. "He paid his own railroad fare to the point called for rehearsals; he rehearsed several weeks without salary; his hotel bills, sleeping car berth (if he had any) and all expenses, except railroad fare during the season, were paid by him. The average outlay for wardrobe with a repertoire company, including wigs, footwear, and costumes, would be around five hundred dollars. This coupled with half-salary weeks before Christmas and Easter, makes it easy to figure the profit."

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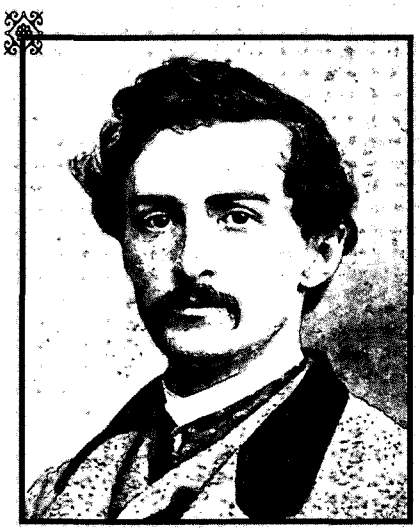

John Wilkes Booth gained fame as a stock performer before his most infamous role as Lincoln's assassin.
True West Archives.

Arthur Hill, an actor who "trod the boards" for twenty years around the turn of the century, found the pace grueling. Hill made $8.00 a week and cakes (board). He stayed with the stock players at the dollar hotels, while the "stars" could afford the $1.50 hotels. Traveling through California's Central Valley in the 1890s, Hill's stock company moved from town to town, putting on eight shows a week. "You think that wasn't a chore?" he later remarked. "I had to learn [a new] one every day."

That was a typical grueling schedule for stock companies across the West—and elsewhere. John Wilkes Booth once fell on a dagger while performing in "The Apostate" in a theater in Albany, New York. Despite the wound, he managed to finish his performances in six different plays during the week.

Edwin Booth and Frank Mayo, two of western theater's biggest stars in the mid-nineteenth century, got their starts by touring the mining camps of California. Lotta Crabtree learned her trade as a child star in Mart Taylor's stock company, touring the same mining camps in the 1850s. Later, all three thespians would become household names throughout the West. If these actors and actresses had some basic dramatic training—as Arthur Hill did—it was sometimes easier to sign on with a touring stock company. Others picked up that training on the job. The stock companies provided the practical experience that dramatic schools do for students of more modern times.

Westerners were wild about entertainment, and they were often quite knowledgeable about the classics, even in the rougher mining camps. During the heyday of Virginia City, Nevada, five different Shakespearean companies were performing at the same time, each of them extremely popular.

A competent Shakespearean would travel with just one or two others,

The Barbee Hill Company, a small western stock company, performs in a one-act play during a circuit of performances between California and Chicago. *Author's Collection.*

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putting on dramatic scenes in small town saloons, schools, or meeting houses. Other traveling companies consisted of one or two lead actors (often the managers of the company) and four to six others, who filled in the remaining roles, and moved stage props. This was typical of the migratory troupes that entertained miners, farmers, and small town audiences in California, Nevada, Oregon, and Washington. Actual theater buildings were scarce, even after the California Gold Rush.

Oregon had touring stock companies in the late 1850s, with its first theater in 1861. Washington Territory didn't see professional actors until 1862, and its first theater wasn't constructed until 1879. Theaters were initially built in locations with high numbers of people, in places like San Francisco or the boom town of Nevada City, which already had five theaters and six variety houses in the mid-1860s. Otherwise, it might take the presence of an influential patron of the arts to establish a dedicated building, as Brigham Young did with his 3,000-seat theater in Salt Lake City in 1862. Mormons were putting on plays using amateurs as early as 1850, with professionals appearing by 1863.

If a stock company was able to stay and perform in the same theater for any length of time, it was heaven. The actors and actresses didn't need to pack up and travel every day, but the grueling schedule remained. The California Stock Company was a good example. The troupe opened an eight-week run at San Francisco's California Theatre in 1869. The 15 men and 9 women put on 34 different productions during 48 nights and 8 matinee performances. One of the performers, John T. Raymond, had to learn 24 parts during a run of 61 shows.

The larger stock companies were those housed in permanent structures, putting on numerous plays each week and each month, or those companies that went on tour to the smaller venues, such as Oroville, Modesto, Tonopah, Reno, and the rest. Here, there was a distinct hierarchy among the players.

At the bottom were the supers, or extras—people who filled in scenes when crowds of people were needed. Frederick Ross, who worked his way up through the ranks, started as a super at San Francisco's Grand Opera House in 1878. At the time, supers received fifty cents per performance, and had to kick back a fifty cent bribe to the captain of supers at each weekly payday. Essentially, Ross worked for free one performance each week.

Katharine Corcoran, in a scene from "Drifting Apart," arrived in San Francisco as a young girl, and made her acting debut in 1876. *Photograph courtesy of the Herbert J. Edwards Collection, Fogler Library, University of Maine.*

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Stock company players pose in costume in California's San Joaquin Valley, circa 1905. *Author's collection.*

If a super was lucky, he or she could rise to "utility man," or "utility woman." This was an actual acting role, usually no more than a line or two, and paid $5.00 per week in the early 1880s. With experience, a player could rise to "responsible utility man," or woman, be paid $10.00 per week, and have several lines to perform. It was a long process that could take years to reach the next step, "walking gentleman," or "walking lady," and its more responsible roles. Finally, the talented players could rise to the level of leading man or woman, or become competent in character roles, such as villains or old men. This is partly why so many new stock companies formed and folded. Aspiring actors or actresses could instantly jump to the lead roles by forming their own companies and touring.

One night, popular leading actor James O'Neill gave a stirring performance in Sheridan Knowles' "Virginus." O'Neill, the father of playwright Eugene O'Neill, took several curtain calls then was surprised to see that one of the supers had passed out on stage. O'Neill rushed over to the extra and asked what was wrong. The man, now awake, told O'Neill that he was overcome by the star's extraordinary acting ability—which caused him to faint. O'Neill took that as such a compliment that he later gave the super a $5.00 bill. The next night, after the curtain call, O'Neill looked to the cast, and all of the supers pretended to faint. This time, it didn't work—there were no more tips of appreciation.

Sometimes, acting could be a dangerous profession, especially in the rougher mining camps. If an actor changed lines from "Hamlet," or forgot them completely, the audience often knew it. The stock company players could be attacked or worse. James A. Herne, who would eventually become one of American theater's biggest stars, arrived in California by stagecoach

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in 1868, worried about attacks by Indians and bandits the whole way. Lola Montez, during her rise to stardom, was pelted with tomatoes and cabbages by angry miners in Sacramento. She retaliated by cursing the audience until a massive brawl broke out and Lola was chased down the street by the angry mob of playgoers.

It was the gate receipts that ultimately spelled success or failure for the traveling and stationary stock companies. Hard cash was the ultimate determination, but sometimes other things were used in lieu of money. It was not unusual in mining camps for theatergoers to leave a pinch of gold dust in place of coin. In farm towns, live animals or eggs were sometimes accepted. Perhaps the most unusual form of currency used by playgoers may have been in Astoria, Oregon. In his largely unpublished memoirs, Frederick Ross reported seeing theater patrons paying for their admission with salmon. Salmon were plentiful in Astoria, at the mouth of the Columbia River, and "it was surprising how many salmon were turned in" to the ticket window to pay for the two-bit admission. The stock company did ultimately receive its payment, however. At nine o'clock each evening, a wagon arrived from a local cannery, which paid the stock company two bits, hard cash, per salmon. The cannery received a profit and the stock company only had to put up with a smelly ticket booth each evening.

Almost every stock company actor had a long list of employers and stage credits. "All actors become stranded with some show at some stage of their career," said William S. Hart, and it was not an exaggeration. Promoters went broke, managers made off with gate receipts and, even more common, gate receipts barely covered expenses. Stock companies continued to thrive in many parts of the West well into the 1920s. By then, however, towns were getting larger, mining camps had largely disappeared, and other forms of entertainment were available, including silent and, eventually, talking pictures. Hard times were approaching. Even the small admission to a live play soon seemed frivolous. Those who had "trod the boards" had to seek other lines of employment.

Legendary actor, James A. Herne, worked in stock companies for years. He arrived in California in a stagecoach in 1868, and later made his fame in the East. *Courtesy of the Herbert J. Edwards Collection, Special Collections Department, Fogler Library, University of Maine.*

John Moring, a resident of Bangor, Maine, is the author of *Arthur Hill: Western Actor, Miner, and Law Officer*, and *Men With Sand: Great Explorers of the North American West.* This is his first article for *True West.*

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Remington

The OTHER Revolver

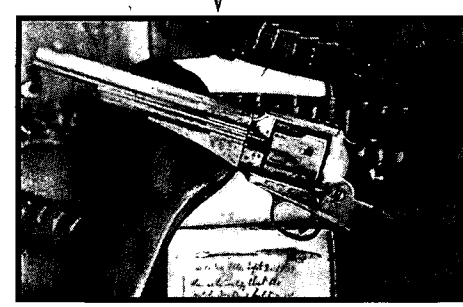
BY RANDY D. SMITH

ALTHOUGH THE VENERABLE COLT .45 PEACEMAKER has come to be thought of as "the" revolver choice of the Old West, a second large-frame single action revolver enjoyed a substantial following from the beginning of the Civil War until well into the 1880s. The Remington Model 1858 Army percussion revolver and Model 1875 cartridge revolver were considered to be good solid handguns and were carried throughout the American West.

Remington's New Model 1858 Army revolver did not exist until 1863, which causes a lot of misunderstanding. E. Remington & Sons of Llion, New York, was founded in 1816, but it wasn't recognized as a gunmaker until 1857 with the introduction of the Remington-Beals revolver, named after patent holder Fordyce Beals. The small .31 caliber revolver had some design weaknesses and was not a popular model. A second revolver, the Remington-Beals Army Model of 1860, was introduced but the gun still needed improvement. The main problem was that the cylinder pin could shift under recoil and cause binding during the single-action hammer cocking stroke, or even allow the cylinder to fall out of the gun.

The Remington New Model Army appeared in 1863 and enjoyed immediate popularity among Union troops. The gun was popularly called the Model 1858 because the barrel carried the inscription "New Model Patented September 14, 1858," referring to the original Beals patent. The revolver was produced in a .36 caliber Navy configuration as well. Approximately 115,563 Remington Army revolvers were sold during the war, making it the second largest selling Civil War revolver behind the Model 1860 Army Colt.

Naturally, debate developed between which revolver design was the superior. Both the 1860 Colt and Remington were large .44 caliber guns, weighing in at



A model 1875 Remington revolver reportedly owned by Missouri outlaw, Frank James. *Author's Collection.*

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Top to bottom: Remington .44 Army, Breechloading . 50 Navy, .36 caliber Belt Model, .36 caliber Police Model, .31 caliber Pocket Model, circa 1870.

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THE CONVERSIONS

BY M.D. "DOC" INGALLS

THE YEAR IS 1857 AND SMITH AND WESSON are introducing the first revolver to use a practical cartridge. The secret to the practicality lies in the gun's bored-through cylinder, coupled with the new rimfire metallic cartridge that seals the escape of gas at the rear of the chamber. This is the first tinkle that will eventually be the death knell of the muzzleloader's loose powder and ball.

During the Civil War, large strides were made in firearms development. For the most part, this was still a war of muzzleloaders. After the war many of these weapons were dumped on the market as used weapons; most were converted to take the new cartridges being developed at this time.

Remington, Colt, and other makers of revolving handguns had warehouses full of parts following the war. What they did not possess, however, was Rollin White's patent for the bored-through cylinder. This was owned by Smith and Wesson, and would not lapse until 1869.

Some companies tried to find a way to load special cartridges from the front of the cylinder, as they had done with loose powder and ball. Others made use of cylinders that that had a separate loading gate for each chamber. All of these proved too complicated or too costly. Without the bored-through cylinder, the cartridge revolver market was firmly in the grasp of Smith and Wesson.

Shulyer, Hartley and Graham purchased a lot of Rogers and Spencers revolvers after the war and had a portion converted for cartridge use by boring the cylinders through. So as not to risk a lawsuit from Smith and Wesson, they sold them only in Europe.

Remington, seeing the writing on the wall, opted in 1868 to pay royalties to Smith and Wesson so they could sell a practical cartridge firing handgun.

Remington fit their .44 caliber Army model with a new, five-shot cylinder, allowing the weapon to accommodate a .46 caliber rimfire cartridge. These guns left the Remington factory as cartridge-firing handguns, and were never meant to be cap and ball revolvers. Later, Remington made a new, two-piece cylinder with a cap on the back, allowing the handgun to be used with both rimfire cartridges and loose powder and ball. These conversions were fairly popular on the frontier.

Remington's conversions sold well into the 1880s, and were advertised with Remington's 1875 Army Model and their Smoots patent revolvers.

Another company that had large stocks of cap and ball revolvers and parts for the same, was Colt.

Legend has it that Colonel Sam Colt had told Rollin White that he wasn't interested in the idea of a bored-through cylinder. White sold the patent rights to Smith and Wesson, and the rest became a game of catch-up for Colt.

Colt's first try was called the Thuer conversion, circa 1869-1872. This was a complicated affair at best. Though one could use the weapon with loose powder and ball as well as cartridges, the required cartridge could not be obtained easily. The cartridge was over forty ounces. The 1860 had a standard barrel length of eight inches and the Remington seven and a half inches. The Remington, however, was a solid one-piece frame and could be field stripped for cylinder cleaning without tools by dropping the loading lever and pulling the cylinder pin forward to slip the cylinder. This was an important feature because black powder will collect in a revolver's mechanisms during extended firing and cause it to jam. Excessive powder buildup results in the cylinder's failure to align with the barrel properly. The Colt cylinder was removed by slipping a retaining wedge and breaking the gun in half. If the wedge was too tight a tool was needed to drive it from the slot; if too loose the wedge could be lost and the gun could literally fall apart. It was also easier for the internal workings of the Remington to be cleaned.

Most notably, Jesse and Frank James were known to carry Remingtons. Frank much preferred his Remington to any other revolver, while Jesse seems to have migrated to the Smith & Wesson Schofield...

Another strong feature of the Remington design was that the cylinder was slotted between the percussion nipples at the back of the cylinder, allowing the wedge-shaped hammer face to lock into the notches and be carried safely with all six rounds loaded. The Colt had only small pins that could wear down or break off. The Remington was also less likely to jam from percussion caps falling into the base of the hammer mechanism (as with the Colt) because of the shape and design of the hammer and frame.

Finally, sight aiming was more convenient on the Remington. The frame top was slotted to align the eye with

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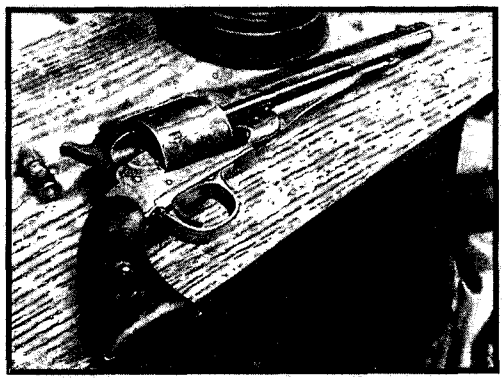
the front blade rather than the Colt's V-slot in the hammer. The Remington shot much closer to point of aim. It is for this reason that Remington design percussion replica revolvers are more popular for modern percussion revolver shooting contests than Colt replicas. In field usage, however, where most actual handgun conflicts were at close range from horseback, it was not a practical advantage. Also, the Remington was never as well balanced as the Colt 1860, a revolver that fits the human hand like a dream.

A disadvantage of the Remington was that the gun was more prone to jamming if the cocking hammer was not fully drawn back. The Colt has a double pawl surface on the "hand" that rotates the cylinder allowing a solid lock at half cock as well as full cock. Lastly, the Colt by its open frame, loose fitting design was more resistant to jamming from contamination such as mud or sand. Both guns were about equal in strengths and weaknesses but the Colt's handling characteristics made it the favorite of the vast majority of "gun toters." The Remington was front heavy because of the heavy steel ramrod web housing under the barrel and a shorter, awkward grip design.

Both revolvers were generally considered superior to most of the other makes during the Civil War. After the war, the Remington remained in production while many other makes ceased manufacture. A large number of Remingtons were converted to cartridge use until Smith & Wesson's cartridge revolver master patent ran out.

In 1875 the cartridge version of the Remington Single Action Army revolver was introduced in the popular .44/40 cartridge, which was commonly used in the 1873 Model Winchester. Its main competition was the 1873 Colt Peacemaker. Again, the Remington could not match the handling characteristics of the Colt and was never nearly as popular. The Remington retained a stiffening web underneath the barrel and virtually the same hammer and grip configuration of the percussion gun. Like the Colt, it used a side gate/ejector rod loading and unloading mechanism.

Many men who knew and depended upon the use of a revolver, liked the



A cartridge conversion of a Model 1858 Remington revolver belonging to Mike Klemann of El Reno, Oklahoma. *Author's Collection.*

tapered at the rear and locked in the chamber using under the guns barrel as a seating tool. To remove the fired case from the chamber, the ring at the rear of the cylinder had to be rotated and the hammer had to be snapped back to remove each shell. The amount of time spent in loading and unloading the weapon varied little from loose ball and powder or paper cartridges. Because of this, and the unusual cartridge, the Thuer was never really popular, though 5,000 were made. A good many of them were shipped to handgun-hungry Mexico.

Colt finally hit pay dirt when Rollin White's patent finally expired. A Colt shop foreman, C.B. Richards, milled off the back of the Colt cylinder and installed a breech plate ring. This became the new home to Colt's loading gate, firing pin, and a small rear sight. Colt's new revolver took a reusable .44 caliber centerfire cartridge. These were produced from 1873 to 1878 in a total quantity of about 9,000.

In turn, the Richards conversion was streamlined for production purposes and called the Richards-Mason. This handgun looked much like the Richards, though it used a new barrel and a simpler breech plate and a hammer-mounted firing pin. This gun was produced from 1877 to 1878 with a total of around 2,100 units.

The two new designs were used on most of Colt's cap and ball revolvers at one time or another. Not only did the factories that produced the guns use this method of using obsolete parts, but many a frontier gunsmith used this method to bring obsolete weapons up to date.

Some of the more famous, or infamous, frontier figures used conversions at one time or another. Cherokee outlaw Ned Christie used a pair of converted .44 Colt 1860 Army models in 1885. Dallas Stoudenmire carried an 1860 Richards-Mason conversion with the barrel cut to 2 1/2" as a hideout gun. Even John Henry "Doc" Holliday owned an 1851 Colts Navy, converted to .38 caliber centerfire.

As evidenced by the conversion market, companies didn't throw anything away because of new technology. Cartridge conversions were advertised, sold, and used right through to the 1890s, in one form or another.

Not every soldier, lawman, outlaw, or miner carried a Colt Peacemaker. Many men, and women, went west with a cartridge conversion stuffed in their belt or holster. There is no doubt they felt as well armed as the next person; they were!

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A modern replica of a Model 1858 percussion Remington revolver. This model is popular for competitive shooting. *Author's Collection.*

Remington. Most notably, Jesse and Frank James were known to carry Remingtons. Frank much preferred his Remington to any other revolver, while Jesse seems to have migrated to the Smith & Wesson Scholfield in his later years. In 1875 the Egyptian government purchased 10,000 Remington revolvers. In 1883 approximately 1,300 nickel plated versions were purchased for use by the Indian Police on western reservations. Another 1,000 were purchased by Mexico in the 1880s. Generally the gun depended upon civilian sales for most of its manufacture.

Almost all Remington Single Action Army revolvers were manufactured in .44/40 caliber. The only other caliber was .45 Government; such specimens are extremely rare and have significant collector value. Total production of the Model 1875 Single Action Army was approximately 25,000. Production finally ceased in 1889.

The original company failed in 1888 and reorganized as the Remington Arms Company. In 1891 Remington tried one more time with the introduction of the Model 1890 Single Action Army Revolver in .44/40. It was a nicely balanced revolver, probably the finest Remington ever produced. The new model featured a configuration very close to the Colt Peacemaker, without the stiffening web under the barrel. It was a six-shot side gate gun with fixed ejection rod and checkered hard rubber grips with the monogram "RA." Produced in both five and seven-inch barrels, the weapon could be ordered with a full nickel-plated finish. But the day of the single-action large bore revolver was ending at the turn of the century and Remington's much improved revolver made a resounding thud upon the marketplace. After approximately 2,000 units, production ceased in 1894. Remington Arms turned to production of long guns and has thrived throughout the Twentieth Century as America's premier gun company.

The day of the single-action, large bore revolver was ending at the turn of the century and Remington's much improved revolver made a resounding thud upon the marketplace.

Randy Smith is *True West*'s resident gunsmith. An editor for *Black Powder Hunting*, Smith has written hundreds of articles on the history of the firearm. He currently resides in Dodge City, Kansas.

Doc Ingalls is a historical reenactor, specializing in the American Frontier. This is his first piece for *True West*.

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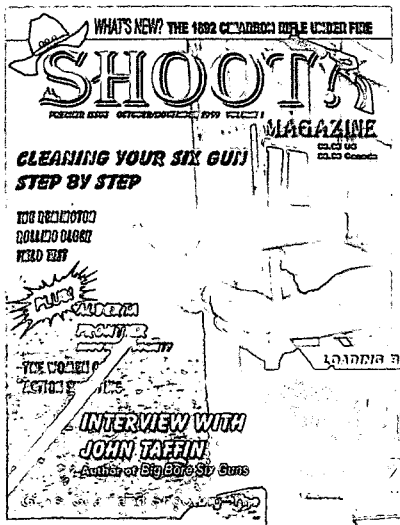

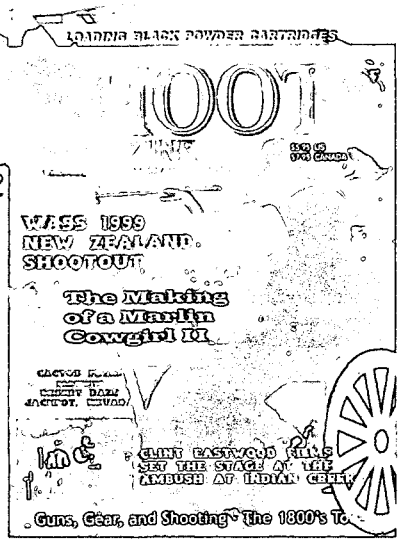

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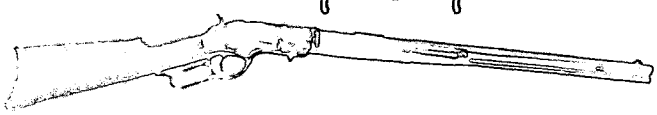

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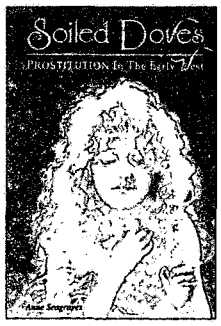

Soiled Doves

By Anne Seagraves

Soiled Doves tells of the grey world of prostitution and the women who participated in the oldest profession. Colorful, if not socially acceptable, these women of easy virtue were a definite part of the early West. Illustrated with many rare photos, this book provides a touching insight into the lives of the ladies of the night. 173p. Wesanne Publications.

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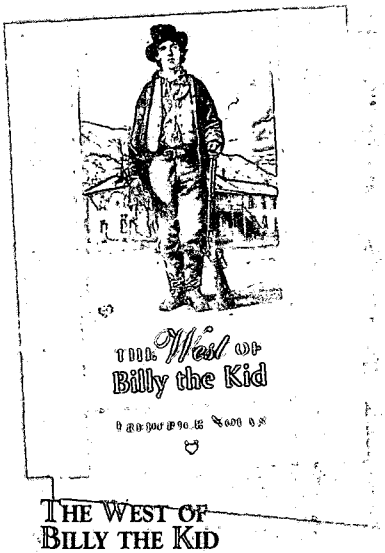

The West of Billy the Kid

By Frederick Nolan

The author, a well-recognized authority on the life of Billy the Kid, has produced a comprehensive photo gallery of the life and times of the notorious New Mexico outlaw. In text and in more than 250 images, some published here for the first time, Nolan recreates the life Billy lived and the places and people he knew. 368p. University of Oklahoma Press.

List Price $22.95
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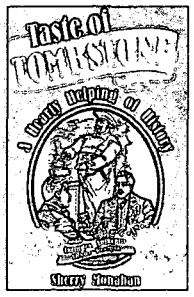

Taste of Tombstone

By Sherry Monahan

A revealing look at the hotels, bakeries, restaurants, soda stands, and sweet shops that fed and entertained the citizens of 1880s Tombstone, Arizona. Featuring 140 original recipes, this volume is a must for every library...and kitchen. 230p. Royal Spectrum Publishing.

Amazon.com $16.95
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Sam Bass & Gang

By Rick Miller

It has been over sixty years since the last major biography of Sam Bass was written by Wayne Gard. Armed with new information and painstaking research, Rick Miller has written what we believe will long remain the definitive biography of this legendary western train and stage robber. 424p. State House Press.

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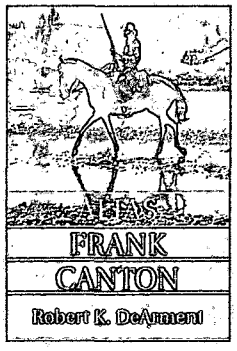

Alias Frank Canton

By Robert K. DeArment

As Frank Canton, Texas renegade Joe Horner reigned supreme as a lawman and hired gun in Wyoming's Johnson County War and on the streets of Territorial Oklahoma. DeArment's research is first-rate and will stand for years as the definitive source. 402p. University of Oklahoma Press.

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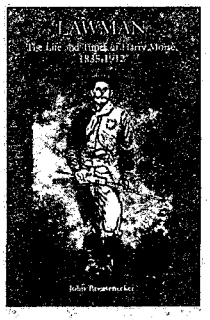

Lawman: Life & Times of Harry Morse

By John Boessenecker

Boessenecker chronicles the life of California's most successful and memorable early lawman. The author also tells the story of frontier California, vivid and lively. 366p. University of Oklahoma Press.

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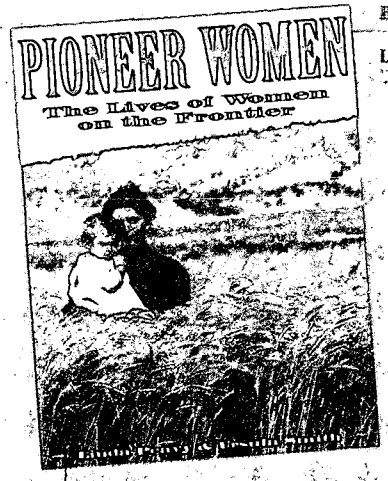

Pioneer Women

By Linda Peavey & Ursula Smith

A rare look at frontier life through the eyes of the pioneer women who settled the American West. Illustrated with a fascinating collection of seldom-seen photographs, *Pioneer Women* reveals the faces as well as the voices of women who lived on the frontier. It's a story of hopes and fears, courage and adversity, triumphs and struggle. 144p. University of Oklahoma Press.

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Triggernometry

By Eugene Cunningham

Cunningham examines the evidence and breaks down the myths surrounding many of the West's most notable gunfighters. His final chapter, "Triggernometry," remains a fascinating discussion of the gunfighters' expertise with the fast draw, the "road agent's spin," pistol fanning, "the border shift," "rolling," "pinwheeling," and the use of various rigs and weapons. 446p. University of Oklahoma.

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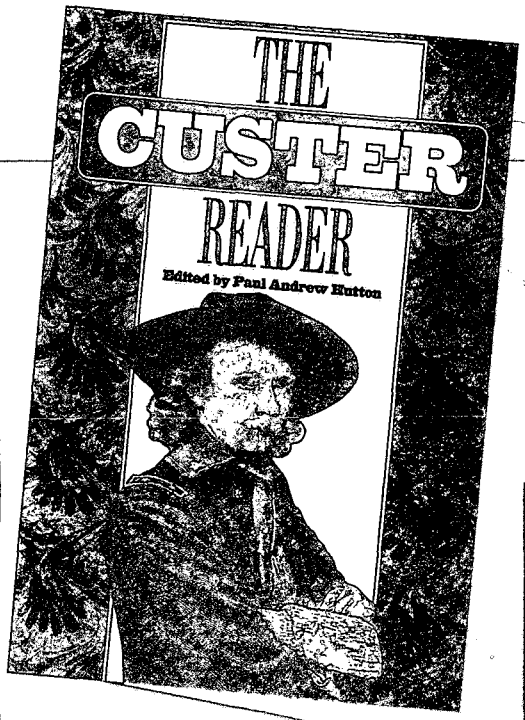

The Custer Reader

Edited by Paul Andrew Hutton

Featuring 21 articles and 4 photographic essays, *The Custer Reader* examines the life, military career, and final engagements of Frontier America's most controversial military figure. 585p. Bison Books.

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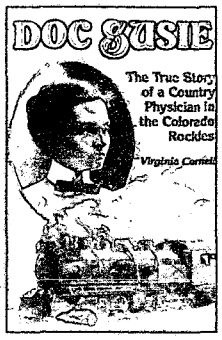

Doc Susie

By Virginia Cornell

Cornell offers the true story of Dr. Susan Anderson who arrived in frigid Fraser, Colorado, in 1907 a dying woman, but who recovered her health and then, known as Doc Susie, ventured forth on snowshoes, horseback, and train to save the lives of the inhabitants of the Rockies. 237p. Manifest Publications.

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Satanta

By Charles M. Robinson III

A brilliant biography of the Kiowa chief who terrorized the western frontier but who fascinated the eastern press. Robinson deals with Satanta, as both legend and man, within the context of the Kiowa culture as it came face-to-face with the encroachments of western immigration. 254p. Statehouse Press

Amazon.com	**$18.95**
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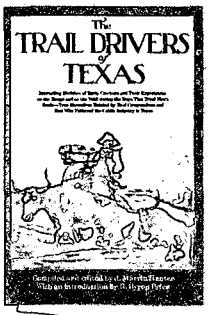

The Trail Drivers of Texas

Compiled by J. Marvin Hunter

Gleaned from members of the Old Time Trail Driver's Association, these hundreds of collected stories and interviews form an invaluable cornerstone to literature, history, and folklore of the West. Many of these stories were the basis for Larry McMurtry's classic, *Lonesome Dove*.

Amazon.com	**$25.95**
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Bad Men: Outlaws & Gunfighters of the Wild West

By Bob Boze Bell

Celebrated artist and author Bob Boze Bell jumps back into the ring with this compilation of over 250 of the West's most notorious bad men. Includes over 100 original illustrations by the author, plus over 200 photos, many published here for the first time. 128 pages. Photos, maps, illustrations, original paintings. TriStar-Boze.

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Digging Up Butch & Sundance

By Anne Meadows

Lawyer-turned-writer Anne Meadows and her husband, Dan Buck, set out to solve the mystery of what really happened to Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid. Buck and Meadows roamed South America's dusty archives and musty documents, leading to the dramatic exhumation of two skeletons in a long-forgotten grave. Revised edition. 390p. Bison Books

Barnes&Noble.com	**$16.00**
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The Negro Cowboys

By Philip Durham & Everett Jones

With more than five thousand black cowboys on the cattle and outlaw trails of the West, the stories and the people were destined for fame. This volume examines but a few, including Jim Beckwourth, Cherokee Bill, Nat Love, Bill Pickett, and many more. 278p. Bison Books.

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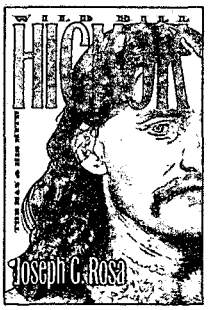

Wild Bill Hickok: Man & His Myth

By Joseph C. Rosa

Culminating four decades of research, Joseph Roas delves into the exploits and ego that defined James Butler Hickok, and shows how the man was overtaken by his own legend. A classic, must-have biography of the West's most famous pistoleer. 276p. University Press of Kansas.

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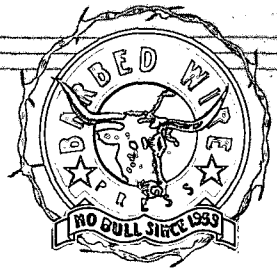

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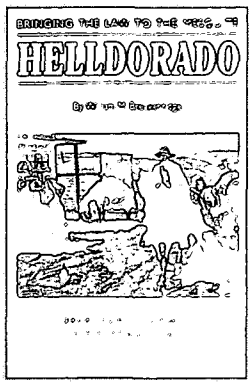

Helldorado

By William M. Breakenridge

In his memoirs, originally published in 1928, Billy Breakenridge relates tales from his life on the frontier, including adventures in Tombstone with the Earps, Ringo, Leslie, and the rest. His stories, although heavily scrutinized and controversial, offer an intriguing glimpse at the Old West. 448p. Bison Books.

Amazon.com **$15.26**
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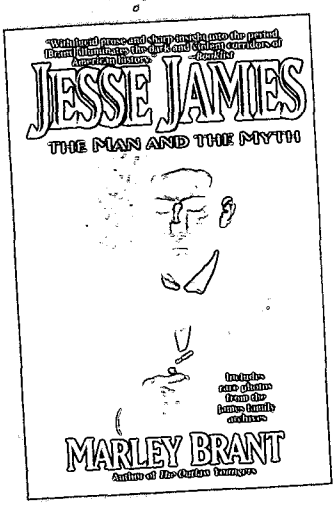

Jesse James The Man and the Myth

By Marley Brant

Chasing the legend and burning it down like a midnight ride to Lawrence, Brant explodes the myths around the most famous of Civil War-era outlaws. Written in a decidedly conversational style, this volume makes for an enjoyable and easy read. 312p. Berkley Books.

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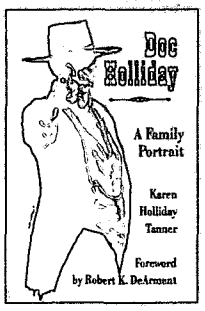

Doc Holliday: A Family Portrait

By Karen Holliday Tanner

Controversial and compelling, Tanner's work offers an unmatched look at the early life of one of the West's most elusive characters. Featuring previously unpublished photographs and family memorabilia, this book stands apart from other Holliday biographies. 368p. University of Oklahoma Press.

Amazon.com **$20.27**
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West of Hell's Fringe

By Glenn Shirley

A classic, must-have volume dealing with crime, criminals, and the federal role in the Oklahoma Territory. Shirley delivers the reader a well-rounded adventure with the likes of Bill Doolin, the Daltons, William Tilghman, and a whole host of desperate men and women. 496p. University of Oklahoma

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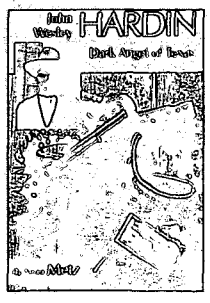

John Wesley Hardin: Dark Angel of Texas

By Leon C. Metz

John Wesley Hardin killed men just to see them kick. Leon Metz kicks the legend out of the way and examines the truth behind this blood-thirsty badman. From the Texas range to prison, El Paso saloons to the grave, Metz leads the reader every step of the way. 352p. University of Oklahoma Press.

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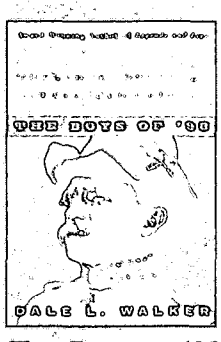

The Boys of '98

By Dale Walker

Formed from a rag-tag band of Oklahoma, Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona toughs and Eastern athletes, Teddy Roosevelt's Rough Riders made history and headlines battling through Cuba. Interviews with the last three Rough Riders make this volume a special buy, and a must-have for the Rough Rider buff.. 304p. Forge.

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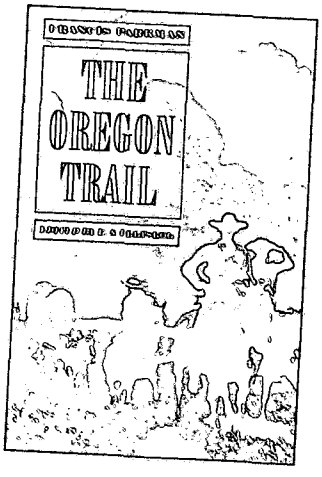

The Oregon Trail

By Francis Parkman

Francis Parkman set out at the tender age of 23 to follow the progress of French and English in the West, and learn more of the inhabitants of the Plains. With supplies and guides, Parkman set out from Missouri in 1846 and gathered the information that makes up this treasured tale. Expertly edited by E.N. Felstog. 758p. Bison Books.

Amazon.com **$20.00**
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David Crockett The Man and the Legend

By James A. Shackford

A classic in American historical literature, Shackford's 1956 chronicle of David Crockett still stands. The author's subject is distanced from the sanitized, Disney character, lending life to one of history's cherished icons. A must-have for any personal library. 338p. Bison Books.

Barnes&Noble.com **$10.36**
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THE TOP FORTY WESTERN BOOKS

Based On Current Sales Through True West, Barbed Wire Press and www.truewestmagazine.com

Rank/Last Month	Title/Author	Publisher/Price	Our Price
1/1	Desperadoes of Arizona Territory / Philip Rasch	NOLA • 29.95	27.95
2/2	Bad Blood / Frederick Nolan	BWP • 29.95	25.95
3/5	Bad Men / Bob Boze Bell	TriStar • 18.95	15.95
4/3	John Ringo / David Johnson	BWP • 29.95	25.95
5/4	Bloody Legacy of Pink Higgins / Bill O'Neal	Eakin • 18.95	15.95
6/9	Doc Susie / Virginia Cornell	Manifest • 14.95	12.95
7/10	Marauders of the Indian Nations / Glenn Shirley	BWP • 27.95	22.00
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11/13	Blood of Noble Men / Alan Huffines	Eakin • 27.95	25.95
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14/16	Thirteen Days of Terror / Glenn Shirley	BWP • 22.95	19.95
15/12	Covered Wagon Women / Kenneth Holmes, ed.	Neb. • 13.00	10.00
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23/New Entry	Illus. Life & Times of Billy the Kid / Bob Boze Bell	TriStar • 29.95	27.95
24/22	Doc Holliday: Family Portrait / Karen H. Tanner	OU • 28.95	17.95
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31/New Entry	Illus. Life & Times of Doc Holliday / Bob Boze Bell	TriStar • 26.95	23.95
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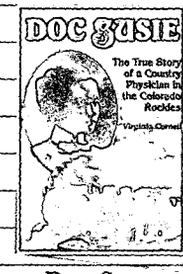
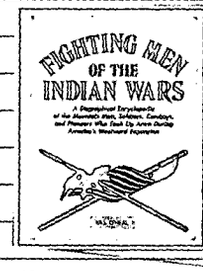


#6

DOC SUSIE



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FIGHTING MEN OF THE INDIAN WARS

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Remembering Wild Bill and Deadwood

By William B. Secrest

The two young men walked through the gates of the Elephant Corral in Cheyenne, Wyoming, and began looking around. It was a warm day in early June 1876, and young Joseph "White Eye" Anderson and his brother Charlie had just stepped off the train. The town was booming. A gold rush was underway and parties were forming and outfitting for the 270-mile trip through Sioux country to the town of Deadwood, South Dakota.

Young Joseph Anderson had been born in Ohio in 1853, his mother dying a few weeks after his birth. He was living with a brother near York, Nebraska, when a growing spirit of restlessness directed him to seek his fortune in the great West. Early one morning in the spring of 1870, young Anderson decided to leave home. Taking a few belongings, he began walking west on the Overland Trail, where he was soon picked up by a wagon train.

Anderson stopped at the army post of Fort McPherson for a time and worked at odd jobs. He helped in the kitchen of Mrs. Elizabeth Snell, who ran a boarding house at the fort, and herded horses on the plains.
In time he met some of the colorful trappers, traders, buffalo hunters, and Indians who were the very essence of the frontier. It was as if a Dime Novel came to life when he saw Buffalo Bill Cody and Texas Jack Omohundro hanging about the fort.

Another young drifter named "Yankee" Judd was about Anderson's age and the two boys became immediate pals. Soon they were trapping with "Bear Claw" Chris Lapp and "Big Foot" Davis, two old hunters who had been on the border for many years. A particular friend was Pitaleshara, a Pawnee chief whom the whites called Peter. Some of his acquaintances were already legendary figures.

"I first met Wild Bill Hickok at Fort McPherson," White Eye would later write. "He came there to see Bill Cody and Texas Jack...Wild Bill seemed to take quite a notion to me and was quite friendly although generally speaking he was hard to get acquainted with."

In the early 1870s, while hunting on the surrounding Nebraska plains, Anderson was caught in a prairie fire and was struck over the eye by a burning buffalo chip. His eye was uninjured, but when the eyebrow grew back it was snow white. From then on he was "White Eye" to the local Pawnees and whites.

Young Anderson had many adventures in the West. With his brother Charlie he prospected in Canada, trapped and fought Indians with Liver-eating Johnston in Wyoming's Big Horn Mountains, mined in Virginia City and Arizona, then spent the winter of 1875-76 in San Francisco and Reno, Nevada. With money running out and boredom setting in, the Anderson brothers took an interest in news of the Black Hills gold. They boarded a train headed for Cheyenne.

While looking over the stock and wagons at the Elephant Corral, the Anderson brothers were surprised to meet an old acquaintance. James Butler "Wild Bill" Hickok was also outfitting for a trip into the gold country. He had been married in early March and after honeymooning in Cincinnati, had left his new bride to organize an expedition to the Black Hills. For years he had led an itinerant life as an Indian scout, peace

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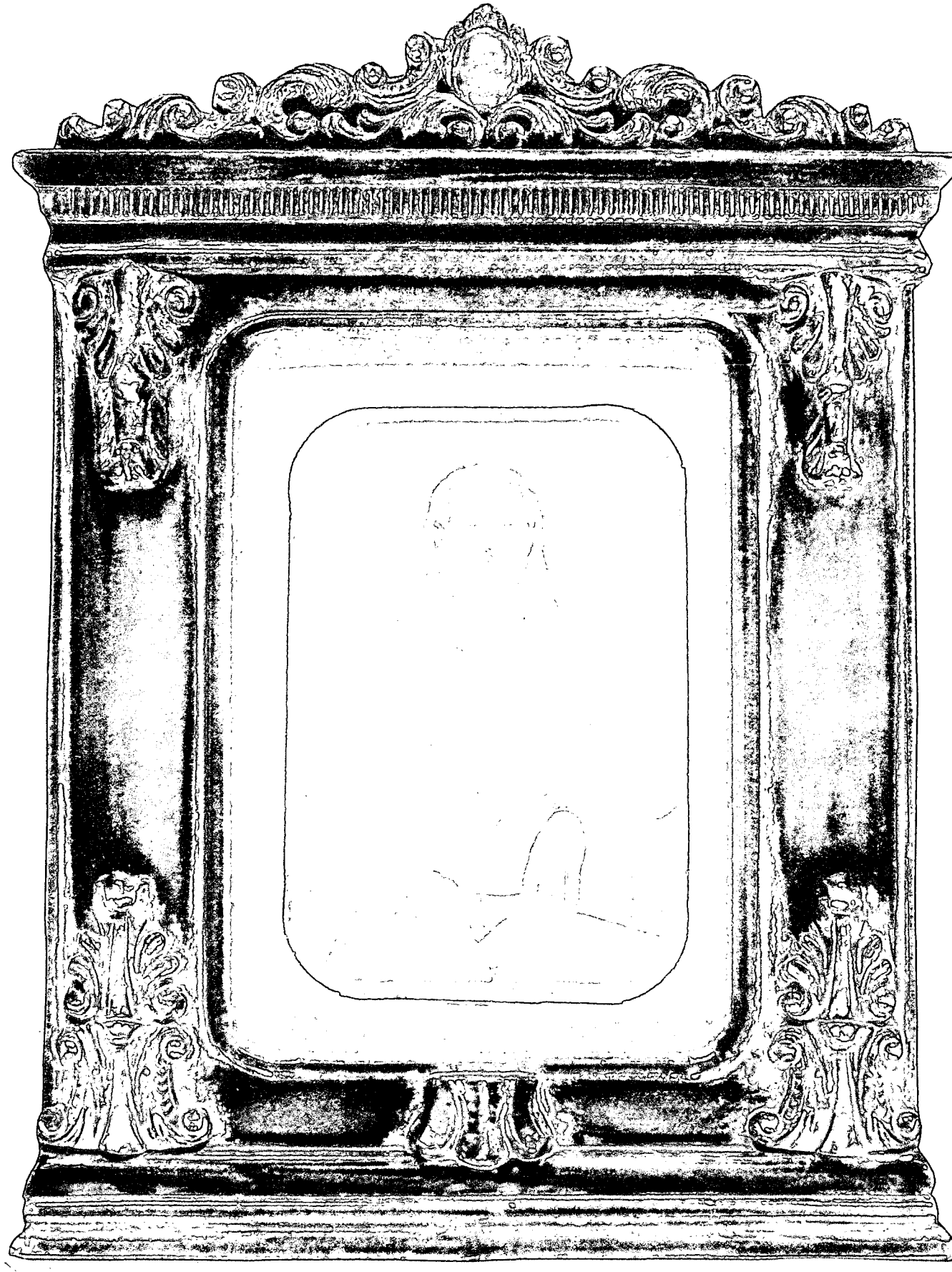

James Butler Hickok. This portrait utilizes an unusual photographic process of adhering a paper image to concave glass.
R.G. McCubbin Collection.

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officer, showman, and guide, but now as he approached the age of forty he had little to show for it. He had a wife to support, had eye problems, and was feeling the first slight tinges of the infirmities to come. There was no money and fewer prospects. Gambling gunfighters and Indian scouts were poorly paid. Capital was needed for the future and he desperately yearned for a share of that distant Black Hills gold.

"It had been several years since I had seen Wild Bill," recalled White Eye, "but he recognized me and the first thing he said was 'Touch Flesh, my boy,' which was an old time saying we used when we shook hands." Hickok was with Colorado Charley Utter and his brother Steve, and when he introduced the Anderson brothers, they were invited to throw their gear into the Utter boys' wagon and travel with them. White Eye and his brother bought two saddle horses, while Hickok and a man named Pie purchased a four-horse, light wagon. The six men left as soon as possible on the first leg of their trip to the Black Hills.

White Eye remembered about thirty wagons and some 120 people joined their party at Fort Laramie. A man named Harlow and his family were the only "respectable" people with the train. The rest were prospectors, saloon and liquor men, gamblers, and speculators of one kind or another. Soapy Smith, Madame Moustache, and some dozen ladies of easy virtue were along, also. When Fort Laramie's officer-of-the-day asked if the party could take along a young woman, they readily agreed. It was just after payday and the woman had been on a big drunk with the soldiers and had been thrown into the post guard house half naked. She was called Calamity Jane and Steve Utter agreed to look after her.

"The officer furnished a suit of soldier's underclothes," wrote White Eye, "and the rest of us furnished her with sufficient clothes to wear....When she got cleaned up and sober she looked quite attractive....I believe it was the first time that Wild Bill had met her and he surely did not have any use for her. She looked to be about twenty-five years of age and was as tough as they came. She laid up with Steve Utter and ate her meals with us during the trip."

When the party started from Cheyenne, Hickok had a five-gallon keg of whiskey in his wagon "'for snake-bite, cramps, or colic" as Bill expressed it with a smile. When they went into camp the next morning, however, a crowd would gather around Bill's wagon to sample his liquor. "Bill was a good-hearted and whole souled fellow'" recalled White Eye. "I often think of how he would say to me when the cup was passed around and emptied, 'Fill her up my boy and pass her around again.'" When Bill had to refill the keg halfway through the trip, he made sure only his own party was treated from there on.

THE TWO YOUNG MEN BECAME IMMEDIATE PALS

WHITE EYE ANDERSON AND YANKEE JUDD AS THEY APPEARED WHEN EMPLOYED AS MINE GUARDS. SIMILAR IN AGE, THE TWO ADVENTURESOME YOUTHS TOOK TO EACH OTHER IMMEDIATELY.
R.G. McCubbin Collection.

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Myth: Wild Bill & Calamity Jane Were Lovers

"When she got cleaned up and sober she looked quite attractive....I believe it was the first time that Wild Bill had met her and he surely did not have any use for her." —White Eye Anderson

Known as a natty dresser, Hickok is depicted in this tattered tintype, sans his trademark Colt revolvers, in checked vest and trousers. Calamity Jane, swathed in buckskin, looks every bit the rough vagabond who joined Hickok's party in 1876. *R.G. McCubbin Collection.*

Everyone, including the famous Wild Bill, took turns herding and guarding the stock. Indians were seen, but the party was too large and they were not attacked. The bodies of some not so fortunate were found along the route, however. White Eye had some experience cooking when he worked for Mrs. Snell and ran an oyster saloon in North Platte, so he prepared the meals for his party. "I done most of the cooking and got very well acquainted with [Calamity] Jane. She was a big-hearted woman and she and I became good friends....Lots of times she would help me with a meal and get the things packed in the grub box ready to move on."

The wagon train was over two weeks on the trail, the road becoming very rough in some areas. At Hat Creek they ran into Buffalo Bill Cody guiding some army troops. After crossing the South Fork of the Cheyenne River, the party passed through Red Canyon. The next day they were in Custer City, where some of the party decided to stay. Continuing their journey the following day, the road continued to be bad, but in a few days a sprinkling of cabins indicated they were nearing Deadwood.

"We arrived in Deadwood about the 12th of July," remembered White Eye, "or it might have been a few days later, but I know it was not before that. My brother and I had bought two good saddle horses in Cheyenne and a few miles before we got to town we let Wild Bill and Charley Utter have them to ride ahead of the train into Deadwood. They were to pick out a good camping place."

Richard Hughes, Harry Young, and other early Deadwood arrivals recalled seeing the Hickok party ride the entire length of main street. The two longhaired frontiersmen were looking over the town and waving to friends they had known elsewhere. They probably stopped for a drink at Carl Mann's No. 10 Saloon and asked about a campsite. Mann and others suggested they might find a spot at the end of town, between Lee street and Whitewood Creek. Finding a spot in a brushy area, the Hickok party were given permission to camp near the cabin of John S. McClintock. Later, when the wagons arrived, a large

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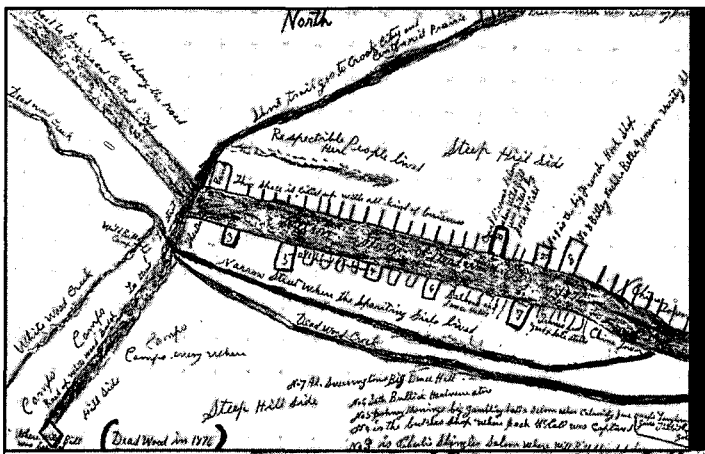
tent was put up, with board sides and floor.

"The timber and brush were so thick we had to cut a road out" recalled White Eye, "and had to clear up the brush on the ground we camped on. Wild Bill, the Utter boys, Pie, my brother Charlie, and myself camped there, and sometimes Calamity Jane came to camp when she got hungry. A few days after we went in to camp, Pie and Steve Utter went back to Colorado

"In a few days old 'California Joe' camped with us. Our campground was a beautiful spot for a summer camp. There was a regular canopy of spruce pines over us and we had many callers, old friends, parties that came in the train, and others through idle curiosity. Bill was never much on the talk, especially to strangers."

As soon as their camp had been set up, the Hickok party took in the town. Deadwood was situated in a gulch, with tall pine trees covering the surrounding hills. The camp was a short distance from main street and an easy walk, except for having to cross Deadwood Creek. The town itself still had many log structures, but sawmills had been turning out lumber for some time now and many of the buildings lining main street were framed—some were even painted.

And it was noisy. Heavy freight wagons creaked and rumbled down the streets, while auctions, shouting teamsters and carpenter's hammers and saws were a constant din. Gunfire could be heard frequently, also. "There is an excessive cracking of rifle and revolvers in the camp," reported the local *Black Hills Pioneer*, "shooting at mark, of course. Save your ammunition boys, until things become more pacific in regard to the Indian question."



DEADWOOD

AND ALL THE SURROUNDING MINING CAMPS WERE ILLEGAL TOWNS LOCATED ON INDIAN LAND. THE ARMY HAD TRIED TO KEEP THE PROSPECTORS OUT, BUT HAD FINALLY GIVEN UP.

White Eye Anderson sketched the above map, depicting Deadwood, South Dakota, as he remembered it in 1876. The map is reasonably accurate when compared to photographs of the town. *Author's Collection.* The Deadwood depicted in the above photo is probably how the camp looked, complete with freight wagons, when Hickok's party arrived in 1876. *South Dakota Historical Society.*

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The *Pioneer* was referring to the fact that Deadwood and all the surrounding mining camps were illegal towns located on Indian land. The army had tried to keep the prospectors out, but had finally given up. The Sioux were registering their protests in the only way that seemed to work, attacking any small party they could come across.

The girls who had entered the Hills with the Hickok train quickly went to work in the small cabins behind main street and Deadwood Creek. They also worked the saloons and dance halls, Al Swearengen of the Gem being a notorious white slaver. Dirty Em, Kitty Arnold, Tid Bit and others had no trouble earning a living in Deadwood Gulch. Tid Bit, a particularly colorful character, was noted for wearing a $200 custom-made dress on which were embroidered the brands and initials of her customers. "The brands and initials of her particular favorites cover the side of her neck and bosom," noted a newspaper account, "and the brands, etc., of those occupying but an indifferent corner of her affections...are located so as to be frequently sat down upon."

"A day or so after we came to Deadwood," White Eye later wrote, "Calamity Jane came to my brother and me and said 'Boys, I wish you would loan me twenty dollars. I can't do business in these old buckskins. I ain't got the show the other girls have.'"

Several days later Calamity showed up in camp in her new clothes. She hauled up her dress and, rolling down her stocking to reveal a wad of money, repaid the Anderson boys for their loan. "She said she was doing a good business," wrote White Eye, "but didn't express it it just that way.

"Calamity was a great friend in time of trouble. If anyone got sick or hurt, she nursed them until they got well. She knew how to be rough, but could also be kind and good.

"I remember one time a new preacher came to our camp in Deadwood. Calamity Jane was there and the preacher was talking about how money was the root of all evil. Jane told the preacher that she didn't care very much for the money, just as long as she had plenty of the root she was satisfied. And when she had money she most always found someone that needed it more than she did."

In a letter to his wife dated a few days after they had arrived, July 17, 1876, Wild Bill wrote that he had "just got in from prospecting [and] will go away again tomorrow." Chances are that Bill did look around for a claim the first week after his arrival, but quickly lost interest. The hills were swarming with prospectors and the best claims had already been staked out. Prospecting sounded like a good idea in Cincinnati and Cheyenne, but in Deadwood it was just dirty, hard work.

Hickok was a gambler. It would be easy to rationalize getting into a few games and see how he would do. With a little good luck he could even buy a proven claim. It is perhaps significant that White Eye never mentions Hickok prospecting, but often alludes to his gambling.

"He spent most of his time playing poker," wrote White Eye, "and was generally lucky. Just a few days before he was killed he made quite a big winning and bought an entire load of grub a Nebraska man had brought into town. He had a two-horse outfit loaded with bacon, hams, beans, dried fruit, corn meal, butter, and eggs. In those days provisions were very high, a square meal was $1.00. Board $18.00 per week. When Bill bought the load of grub he went up main street to where Lee street now intersects it and shouted to me—I was in camp—to come over to him. He told me to pilot the man to camp and help him unload the grub, and Bill went on with his poker game."

A MINER GUARDS HIS CLAIM ALONG DEADWOOD GULCH. HICKOK AND WHITE EYE LIVED IN SIMILAR TENTS ALONG WHITEWOOD CREEK.
University of South Dakota.

That Bill would succumb to the lure of the gambling table in a wild and wide-open frontier town should not surprise anyone. Harry Young and other Deadwood pioneers all remark on Wild Bill's gambling. It had been his way of life for years. Not even a waiting bride and the promise of a stable, new life could deter him. There was still plenty of time for all that.

"Sunday was a big day in Deadwood that summer," recalled White Eye. "Nobody worked and everyone came to town. All the saloons, dance halls and gambling dens ran full blast and many of the gambling games moved out on to the sidewalks. Lots of horses were sold at auction on the streets.

"The Gem Theater was a beer hall with a platform stage and curtains. It was a variety show with all kinds of tough performances. There were lots of small tables and chairs with benches lined up along the walls. Also along the wails were private boxes six to eight feet square where the ladies of easy virtue would get the drunken miners to spend their dust and treat them to champagne. Sometimes they would keep the bottle corks flying pretty lively. There were lots of beer jerkers, girls and women to keep the crowd well-supplied with drinks and smokes.

"Right across the street was the Bella Union Theater. It was about the same as the Gem, only worse. They had a big cancan dance at midnight about three times a week. Billy [Nuthall] ran that show and he was a tough nut. Before he came to

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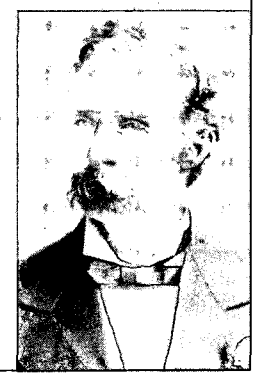
CUSTER ON HICKOK

"He was a Plainsman in every sense of the word, yet unlike any other of his class. In person he was about six feet one in height, straight as the straightest of warriors whose implacable foe he was; broad shoulders, well-formed chest and limbs, and a face strikingly handsome; a sharp, clear blue eye, which stared you straight in the face when in conversation; a finely-shaped nose, inclined to be aquiline; a well-turned mouth, with lips only partially concealed by a handsome moustache. His hair and complexion were those of the perfect blond. The former was worn in uncut ringlets falling carelessly over his powerfully formed shoulders. Add to this figure a costume blending the immaculate neatness of the dandy with the extravagant taste and style of the frontiersman, and you have Wild Bill, then as now the most famous scout on the Plains."



—From *My Life on The Plains*, By Geo. Custer

Deadwood he ran a tough joint in Salt Lake City. He got so bad that the authorities gave him just twenty-four hours to leave town. He said it would not take him fifteen minutes if his mule didn't buck.

Mr. [Langrishe] brought a theatrical group to Deadwood from Montana that summer. It was a pretty good outfit and they played in the McDaniels Theater in Deadwood and also in Lead City, Central and Gayville. They put on old-fashioned dramas, farces and comedies. Mr. Languish was a comedian and about the funniest fellow I ever saw. He had a very big nose, and sometimes he would put an extension on it and he could make it wiggle which would just about raise the roof with laughter from the crowd. The McDaniels Theater was where the so-called respectable people would have their dances, or balls, as we called them in those days."

"Every morning," continued White Eye, "[Wild] Bill would empty his pistols at target practice at an old cottonwood tree that grew on the bank of the creek, take a stiff drink of whiskey and then he was ready for breakfast."

This was an old habit dating from his days as a peace officer. When he got up in the morning he would go outside and empty his pistols at a target, then promptly clean and re-load them. The nipples on the cylinders of the cap and ball pistols were subject to clogging from use or moisture. In cleaning his pistols he would push a pin through the cylinder nipples to make sure the tube leading to the chamber was clear. He also carefully examined the inside of each cap before placing it on the nipple. "When I draw and pull I must be sure," he remarked to a friend who was watching his actions.

"We cut pieces of white paper about one inch square," remembered White Eye, "stuck a tack in the center of the paper and then drove it into a board. We leaned the board against the tree and then stood off about twenty-five steps. Sometimes all our party would try it, but we could seldom make a center shot. Then Wild Bill would shoot, the paper would most always drop to the ground for the bullet would drive the tack into the board and there would be nothing to hold it up anymore."

Deadwood pioneer John S. McClintock verified, on at least one occasion, the target shooting at Hickok's camp. "On the Fourth of July, 1876," he wrote, "twelve shots were fired in rapid succession at or near his tent, which was about ten rods from my cabin, with brush between them. Immediately after the shooting a man came along and I inquired as to who was shooting. He answered that 'Wild Bill was showing how he could trim down a twig.'"

"Bill put in a good deal of his time playing poker," wrote White Eye, "and generally he was very lucky. Usually he would go up to a saloon on the corner of Main and Lee streets which was not very far from our camp. He told me not to get stuck on faro or poker as I was not smart enough to beat the game. Bill was generous and I know lots of times he would give fellows who were not in the game money 'to eat on.' One time Bill made a big winning at poker and he invited all of us—Charley Utter, Steve, my brother Charlie and myself—to a good Sunday dinner at Joe Gandolfe's [Gandolfo] Palace Restaurant, the best place in Deadwood to eat.

"Seth Bullick [Bullock], the hardware man, got in some nice sheet iron cook stoves and Bill bought one for our camp. I did most of the cooking as it was a dandy.

"One evening after supper, Seth Bullick, Mr. Clark, a Mormon who had a big second hand store, and several other prominent men of the camp came to see Wild Bill. They wanted him to be marshal of the town and said that if he would agree they would call a miner's meeting and get some kind of law and order established. Bill did not make them any promise and said he would let them know later in a week or so. Bill, Charley Utter and my brother had a big talk about it, but I did not know what conclusion they came to."

Anderson's statement that Hickok was offered a law enforcement position in Deadwood is at variance with most

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recollections and historians. Joseph O. Rosa however, Wild Bill's most authoritative biographer, suggests there were many who did not like the implications of Hickok's presence in town. McClintock, who was there at the time, insisted that the town was wild but did not need "a notorious man-killer as a peace officer." The fact cannot be overlooked, however, that at the time a city government was formed, in September 1876, a local vigilance committee was established. If things were that bad, it would make sense that local "law and order men" might very well have talked to Hickok about the city marshal's post as White Eye asserted.

In a letter written to Captain Jack Crawford, the Poet Scout, in November 1900, White Eye summed up the situation this way: "Bill never ran a bluff, but what he got away with it, and he was never caught bluffing. The consequence was, some of the tin horn gamblers and one-horse sports tried to put up a job on Bill and 'bust' him. They could not do it and the supposition was, they hired Jack McCall to kill him."

Crawford had been in the Black Hills this same summer of 1776, but had left Deadwood before the Hickok party arrived. In 1900 he was touring the country, putting on one-man shows where he read his poetry, demonstrated Indian dances, and told tales of his days in the West. White Eye was living in Tuolumne County, California, at the time and bumped into Crawford one day. The two had met previously and Anderson had always been an admirer of Crawford's poetry. As they reminisced about their days in the Black Hills, Crawford mentioned plans to do a book about Wild Bill. He asked if White Eye would write up his days with Hickok at old Deadwood and send it to him. White Eye agreed, and as an inducement Crawford gave him tickets to his evening show.

As it turned out the show was poorly attended, but White Eye kept his promise. In a letter dated November 19, 1900, Anderson penned his recollections, titled, "The Last Days of Wild Bill." Harry Young and John McClintock had yet to write their memoirs of those days and White Eye's reminiscences were one of the earliest to be compiled. Crawford never did write his Wild Bill book.

"The Last Days of Wild Bill" was found among Crawford's papers in the possession of a descendant some years ago. An excerpt is given here just as White Eye wrote it:

"...Just the night before he was killed, I went to the place where (Hickok) was playing to bring him to camp. There was something the matter with his eyes and he could not see to walk in the dark so some of us always had to lead him to camp at bedtime. He was in a saloon on upper Main St. near where Stebbins and Post's bank was afterwards built. He was then playing with Jack McCall and two other men, I've forgotten their names. I went about 11 p.p. and waited almost an hour before the poker game broke up. The currency in those days was gold dust and when McCall started in to play he passed his sack of dust to the bar-keeper, telling him there was an oz. in it and to give him chips for that amount. The bar-keeper gave him $18.00 worth of chips and Bill won them.

"When Bill cashed the chips, there was only $11.00 worth of dust in the sack. Bill said 'The next time you play with me you better not call for more than there is in your sack, or there will be trouble.' McCall said he thought there was an oz. in the sack. Then Bill said, 'I'll keep the sack—a sack was worth four bits—and call it even as I need a sack to keep my dust in.' McCall said, 'No, I want my sack back and if you won't let me have it tonight, I will get it tomorrow.'

"Bill did not give him back the sack, but asked him if he was broke. He said he was. Bill then gave him a dollar back saying 'This is to get your breakfast with.' We then went to camp, got a lunch, and went to bed.

"At this time my brother and I were working a placer claim which lay in the lower part of Deadwood town, close to the saloon where Bill was killed, and were at work there when it happened. In the afternoon McCall rode into town on a very ordinary horse and a sorry-looking saddle. He seemed to know where Bill was, for he stopped his horse in front of the saloon where he was. The saloon was called No. 10 and stood where the Belle Union Theater was afterwards built. Bill was in a game of poker with three men, Massey [William Massie], a Missouri river steamboat captain, and I have forgotten the names of the other two [Charlie Rich and Carl Mann].

"When Bill was playing cards he always sat in a corner, or with his back to the wall, but this time the other men got their seats first and would not let Bill have his favorite place. He had to sit with his back towards the center of the room and could not see who came in at the door without turning his head.

"In the meantime McCall got off his horse, left it standing without tying, cocked his pistol—an old Navy Colts—held it in his hand under his coat in front of him and walked into the saloon. He stepped up behind Bill's chair, pointed his pistol quickly at the back of Bill's head and fired. After he fired he said 'You son of a bitch, take that.' The powder burned his hair and the bullet came out of his left cheek close to the nose and lodged in Capt. Massey's wrist. Bill's head and shoulders fell over on the table where we afterwards found him.

"I heard the shot and someone at the door of the saloon shouted, 'Wild Bill is killed.' I heard it plainly for I was in the tail race and only a short distance away. I ran over as quickly as I could and saw McCaII running up the street with his pistol in his hand. When he came out of the saloon he tried to mount his horse, hut the saddle turned and he started up the street on foot. I ran after him and tried to get a shot at him, but there were too

WHITE EYE

WHITE EYE AND HIS FAMILY ABOUT THE TIME THEY SAW THE CAPTAIN JACK CRAWFORD SHOW IN CALIFORNIA.
Author's Collection.

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many people in the way. The crowd headed him off and ran him into a meat shop. There must have been over fifty guns and pistols drawn on him, yet no one dared to shoot for fear of hitting someone in the crowd.

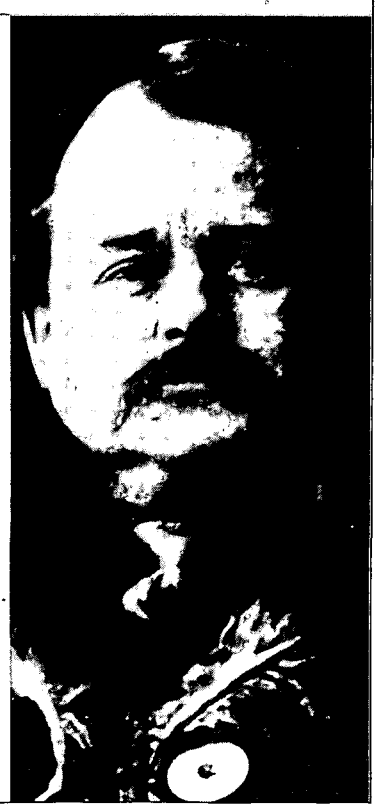
"McCall snapped his pistol several times at people who were heading him off, but the caps were bad and it would not go off. When we captured him someone shouted, 'Bring a rope.' While we were getting the rope ready to hang him, we heard a commotion down the street. We saw a Mexican riding up the street holding an Indian Chief's head by the hair. He said the hills were alive with Indians, they had captured Crook City and were cleaning out the gulch as they came up and were fighting just beyond Montana City which was two or three miles below Deadwood Town. California Joe killed a chief and another fellow tried to scalp him. He couldn't so the Mexican said he would do it the way they did it in their country and he cut the whole head off. A 'Downeast Yankee' bought the head of him, got a room at the Wide West saloon and charged ten cents admission to see it.

"The hanging was postponed for the time being. The prisoner was put in a solid log house with plenty of guards to watch him. Most of the men went to investigate the Indian trouble. I went to where Bill was killed and helped to take the body to camp where we washed, dressed and layed him out, assisted by Calamity Jane and some other women. We buried him with his rifle the next day. I have forgotten the exact hour. Some one read the Episcopal burial service, but there was no one to sing."

Considering the vagaries of White Eye's memory, he tells his tale well enough, but one wishes someone had been at his side as he wrote it down to help dig out more details of the events he had witnessed. Others were in Deadwood to do this, however. Ellis T. "Doc" Peirce had some medical experience and was taken to the saloon by Charley Utter to care for the body. Listed as a "barber" in later accounts, Peirce was probably mining like most others in the hills at the time. Some years later Peirce recalled his viewing of the body on the floor of the saloon.

"He was lying on his side, with his knees drawn up just as he slid off his stool. We had no chairs in those days—and his fingers were still crimped from holding his poker hand. Charlie

"[McCall] stepped up behind Bill's chair, pointed his pistol quickly at the back of Bill's head and fired. After he fired he said 'You son of a bitch, take that.'" —White Eye Anderson



Colorado Charlie Utter sits next to the grave of his good friend, Wild Bill Hickok. *University of Oklahoma.* Captain William Massie was sitting opposite Wild Bill when he was murdered. The bullet struck Massie in the wrist and he rushed out of the saloon, screaming "Wild Bill has shot me." *Author's Collection.* Ellis T. "Doc" Peirce prepared Wild Bill's body for burial. *Author's Collection.*

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Rich, who sat beside him, said he never saw a muscle move...."

An impromptu stretcher of some kind was utilized to carry the body back to camp. Doc Peirce then prepared the dead frontiersman for burial. In later years comments were made that when undressed the body was seen to be covered by scars from Hickok's many conflicts. Peirce stated this was not the case.

"The fact is I never undressed Bill. What was the use? He had no other clothes to put on. He was clean, except for the clotted blood in his hair. I washed that out nice and clean, plugged up the hole where the bullet entered the back of his head; closed the perfect cross which the bullet made where it came out under his right cheek bone; fixed up and dressed his long mustache; cut a lock of hair from the back of his head which measured (if memory serves me right) about 14 inches in length; placed his right hand on his right hip where Bill always carried it...."

Peirce's statement that Hickok had "no other clothes to put on" is curious since he was always known to be a fastidious dresser. It seems more likely that he was wearing his best clothes and it was decided to bury him as he was. Apparently there was no noticeable blood on his coat.

John Beuter was just sixteen years old at the time and was helping his father to build a house in Deadwood. He joined the crowds around the No. 10 saloon, then later in the evening sneaked over to watch Doc Peirce washing the blood out of Wild Bill's hair by lamplight.

The funeral White Eye refers to was held at Charley Utter's camp, Thursday afternoon, August 3, 1876. Wild Bill was buried next to a large, pine tree stump, the roots being chopped away to make room for the casket. After the body was lowered and the grave refilled, an epitaph was carved into the stump:

A BRAVE MAN;
J.B. (WILD BILL) HICKOCK, [SIC]
AGED 48 YEARS; MURDERED BY JACK MCCALL,
AUGUST 2, 1876

Charley Utter placed a new headboard on the grave sometime later, and when the town encroached on the burial site in 1879 the graves were moved to Mount Moriah, a new cemetery near town. Several monuments have been placed on the grave over the years, but they were always chipped away and destroyed by tourists.

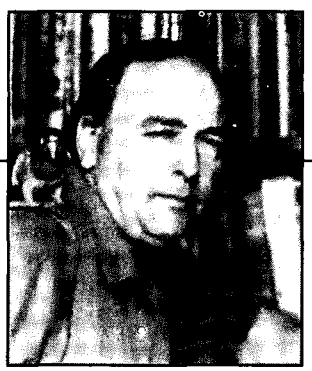
Jack McCall was tried for the murder, but was acquitted by a jury that seemed to believe McCall's fabrication that Wild Bill had killed his brother. The prosecuting attorney and others insisted the jury had been packed and paid off. For health reasons McCall quickly left the hills and later bragged about his cowardly act. He was seized again and this time taken to Yankton where he was tried and hanged on March 1, 1877.

White Eye had run up a number of IOUs during his three years in the Black Hills, but managed to pay them all off in later years. He never returned to the area, but his daughter, Ellen Anderson Mitchell, visited the South Dakota scenes of her father's youth with her husband in the 1940s. She had heard all his tales of Wild West adventures when she was a young girl growing up in frontier California. In Deadwood she visited the widow of John McClintock, whose cabin was next to Wild Bill's camp in 1876. Mrs. Mitchell bought a copy of McClintock's book, *Pioneer Days in the Black Hills*, and gave it to her father on his ninety-first birthday in 1944.

Ellen Mitchell promised her father she would have his memoirs published, but the old frontiersman died in 1946, and never saw his story in print. His recollections, *I Buried Hickok*, was published by Creative Publishing Company in 1981 and is a sought-after collector's item.

White Eye was buried next to his wife in Forest Lawn Cemetery in Los Angeles. On his modest headstone is inscribed "Joseph F. Anderson, White Eye, 1853-1946."

This Month's Featured Author:



Name: William B. Secrest
Date, Place of Birth: 4.14.30
Fresno, CA
Occupation: Retired Art Director
Hometown: Fresno, CA
Family: Wife, Shirley; son, Bill, Jr.; parrots, Hugo & Charlie
Publishing History: *I Buried Hickok, Dangerous Trails, Lawmen & Desperadoes,* and hundreds of magazine articles and book reviews since the 1960s.
First *True West* Article: "The Return of Jim McKinney," January 1963.
Current Research/Projects: A mug book of California stage robbers; a bio of Sam Brown.
Interests/Hobbies: Are you kidding???
Currently Reading: *Belle Starr and Her Times,* by Glenn Shirley.
Favorite Western Figure: Wild Bill Hickok. He is probably the most symbolic character of the Wild West.
Thoughts on Western History: "Not being a devotee of outdoor privies or stepping in horse crap, I wouldn't want to live in the Old West, but...God...how I love to research and write about it and schmooze about it with the guys."

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THE LOST

Superintendent A.E. Snyder, was worried. The annual winter patrol of Royal Northwest Mounted Police from Fort McPherson was overdue. As Commander of "B" Division, in Dawson, Yukon Territory, Snyder had been told to expect the patrol by the end of January 1911. By mid-February there was still no sign of the Mounties.

On February 20, Esau, a local Loucheua Indian, came into Dawson and reported that he had been engaged by a patrol to help guide them over the Trail Creek cutoff but had been discharged on New Year's Day. He had not seen the patrol since parting company at the head of Mountain Creek, a twenty-days ride. Further investigation located a second band of Indians from the Hart River Divide, a nine-days ride, where the patrol should have passed. The Indians informed the investigating officer that they had seen nothing of the Mounties.

Snyder immediately sent a telegraph to his superiors, requesting instruction. Anticipating their reply, he made preparations to send out a search party. Due to high winds, the government telegraph wires were down; his message was routed through an America system, then by wireless. Snyder didn't receive his reply until February 27. The next day a relief patrol was sent out to search for the missing Mounties.

To head the search party, the superintendent chose Corporal W.J.D. Dempster, accompanied by Constable. J.F. Fyfe, ex-Constable F. Turner, and Indian guide Charles Stewart. Dempster, Fyfe, and Turner had been members of the patrol the previous year, and Stewart had made the trip to Fort McPherson several times and was familiar with the territory. The party took three teams of five dogs. To give the dogs a chance to get into condition, the heavy load of needed supplies was freighted part way by horse and sleigh, driven by Constable R. Brackett. On March 2, forty-eight miles from Dawson, the load was transferred to the dog sleds and Brackett returned to Dawson.

Although they had taken various routes each year since 1904, the R.N.W.M.P. had made an annual winter patrol from Dawson to Fort McPherson and back, a round trip of about 950 miles. The purpose of the patrol was to deliver and pick up mail and dispatches from the fort near the MacKenzie River delta and its lonely outpost on Herschel Island, on the Beaufort Sea, to the north. The patrol also checked on the condition of local Indians, trappers and prospectors. It was deemed necessary to show the world that Canada could patrol and protect its northwestern boundary during the harsh winters.

The hazards of such a winter patrol were many. There was slush ice, which consisted of a mixture of snow, ice and water, covered by fresh snow. Snow bridges often formed among ice jambs, enabling a team of dogs to traverse them, although the weight of a loaded sled could throw the entire team into frigid water, or a deep crevasse hidden beneath. Heavy ice from a continuous spring could cause a team to start sliding sideways toward a precipice. Thin ice covering open water was a constant danger and the threat of frostbite or hypothermia was always present. The dogs' paws had to be continually kept clean of jagged ice that could cut and maim the animal, in which case the

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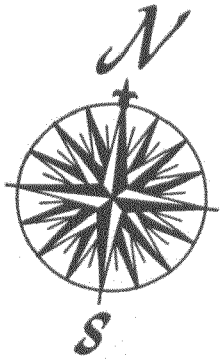
PATROL



BY TERRY HALDEN

From l-r: Royal North West Mounted Police Constable Munroe, Sergeant F.J. Fitzgerald, Superintendent C. Constantine, Constable Forbes, Constable Galpin, and Constable Walker at the newly-established Fort McPherson, 1903. *National Archives of Canada.*

dog was usually cut loose and left to fend for itself. As a result some dogs were equipped with booties. Wildlife was a menace since even the best lead dog was likely to veer off course to chase a rabbit or other wild game.

Despite the hazards, the Mounties regarded the winter patrol as "an ordinary duty."

Fort McPherson Commanding Officer Francis J. Fitzgerald had been promoted to the rank of Inspector in May 1910. Born in Halifax, Nova Scotia, on April 12, 1869, Fitzgerald had joined the R.N.W.M.P. on November 19, 1888. He spent the first years of his career at various posts in southern Alberta and Saskatchewan,

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where he became adept at handling horses. Gold was discovered on the Yukon and Klondike rivers and Dawson City was established in 1897. The job of policing the thousands of prospectors, mainly American, who flooded into the area via the famous Chilkoot Pass from Alaska, fell to the Mounties. It was apparent that an overland route to the gold fields was needed. Fitzgerald, because of his talent with horses, was chosen as part of a team of Mounties to survey a road north from Edmonton. For his efforts, Fitzgerald was promoted to sergeant. In January 1900, he left the force and enlisted in the Second Canadian Mounted Rifles. He was eager to help fight in the Boer war in South Africa. Returning home a year later, he received his discharge and rejoined the Mounties, securing his old rank, with assignment to Alberta. The encroachment of American whalers into Canadian territory in the Arctic was perceived by the federal government as a problem. In 1903, Superintendent Charles Constantine, accompanied by Sergeant Fitzgerald and five constables, arrived to establish Fort McPherson at the site of an old Hudson Bay post on the Peel River.

Constantine immediately returned south, leaving Fitzgerald in charge of establishing a second post on Herschel Island, 260 miles north, where the Pacific Steam Whaling Company had a winter quarters. It was here that Fitzgerald made his main base, establishing the most northern outpost of the British Empire. He was promoted to staff sergeant in 1905, and enjoyed his life as policeman, customs agent, health inspector, liquor inspector, mining inspector, (gold was discovered near Herschel Island in 1908) and diplomat, in his own little kingdom at the top of the world.

Fitzgerald proposed that the 1910-11 patrol route be reversed, and "as a pleasant break in the monotony" he be allowed to command the patrol, thereby giving him a chance to communicate personally with Snyder. His request was granted. In the late fall of 1910 he was at the Herschel Island outpost, and accompanied by Constable G.F. Kinney and ex-Constable Sam Carter, made a strenuous trip south to Fort McPherson, arriving on December 3. The next eighteen days were spent resting men and dogs, and putting together supplies for the trip to Dawson. Fitzgerald had accompanied the winter patrol five years previous, when he had returned from leave. That time it had used the

Ex-Constable F. Turner, Corporal W. Dempster, and Constable J. Fyfe, the search patrol. *Yukon Archives.*

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Blackstone River route and although he was familiar with the Fort McPherson to Wind River portion of the trek he was not acquainted with the new route using the Forrest Creek and Hart Divide. To guide him he took Carter, 41, a veteran of 21-years service, reinstating him as a special constable. Carter had taken the new route in 1906 and was anxious to get to the outside world to enjoy his new retirement.

Fitzgerald also picked Constables George Francis Kinney, 27, and Richard O'Hara Taylor, 28. Kinney was an American, orphaned at an early age and raised by an aunt and uncle in Chicago. As a teenager, he had joined the U.S. Army and fought in Cuba and the Philippines. Returning to the western states, he cowboyed for a while, but his yen for adventure lead him to Regina, Saskatchewan, where he joined the Mounted Police on May 5, 1907. He immediately requested and was granted assignment to the far north. Taylor was also an adventurous soul. Born in Scotland, he had been a seaman, serving as second officer with the White Star Lines, before trying life in Australia. He moved to Canada, eventually joining the Mounties on March 3, 1905.

At 7:45 a.m. on Wednesday, December 21, 1910, with the temperature at twenty-one below, a heavy mist shrouding the fort, and light snow falling, the four men and fifteen dogs set out.

Each man wore long woolen underwear (some two pair), wool pants, wool shirt, and an eiderdown parka with a fur lined hood over a wool hat or toque. Wool socks, of which several extra pair were carried, were encased in moccasins and mukluks. Fur-lined mittens kept their hands warm. Each had a down filled Alaskan sleeping bag. Fitzgerald, who could be classified as an expert in winter travel, had perused reports of previous patrols and estimated that if provisions were cut down, thereby reducing weight, the trip could be made faster. He anticipated meeting Indians on from which he could purchase additional food and he reckoned he would also be able to kill game en route. His total supplies weighed in at 1,302 pounds, consisting of 900 pounds of dried fish for the dogs and about 100 pounds of food for each man. A tent, axes, ammunition, rifles, matches, candles, and camp equipment made up the rest of the load. The dried fish had been sent ahead earlier and cached at the Trail Creek estuary.

According to Fitzgerald's diary, they followed the Peel River upstream the first day, and they only made fifteen miles before making camp for the night. The next day they faced a strong south wind in their face and although they left camp at 8:00 a.m., they could only travel eighteen miles. December 23, was a balmy seven degrees below, but it had snowed overnight. They only made seventeen miles. On December 24, they took a noon break at an empty cabin, known as Colin's cabin, and made a total of sixteen miles. Christmas day, with the temperature at thirty below, they made the last eight miles to the Trail Creek cut off and loaded the cached dog food on the sleds. They then traveled up the short cut another eight miles before stopping. The next day the temperature was falling, but the going was good and they made eighteen miles. On December 27, as they ascended 800 feet, they proceeded five miles up Trail Creek and then cut south five miles on an unknown stream, pitching their tent at an old Indian camp.

Inspector F. J. Fitzgerald, when a corporal in 1895. *National Archives of Canada.*

Fitzgerald didn't mention it in his diary but he had already taken a wrong turn. Luck was with him, however, as he met Esau and his dog team. Fitzgerald was able to hire the Indian for $3.00 a day to guide the party over the eighty-mile portage. The next day they reached the upper end of Caribou Borne Mountain, 1,800 feet above Trail Creek. The going had been arduous with fresh snow and temperatures dropping to fifty-one below. On December 29, Fitzgerald recorded the "dogs very tired." The going was just as difficult as they proceeded down to cross the Caribou River. They reached Mountain Creek on New Years Eve. January 1 they made their way down Mountain Creek and camped in a small abandoned cabin about four miles above the confluence with the Peel River. Here Fitzgerald discharged Esau, paying him $24.00 for five days work and three days to return to his people.

As they continued down Mountain Creek, up the Peel River a few miles, and then branched south on the Wind River, the trek became more difficult. Driftwood had piled up on the shores. Open water was encountered, which caused them to detour. A heavy snow storm dumped more fresh snow on them. On January 8 they were forced to camp early because of the intense cold. The temperature had dropped to sixty-four below. Fitgerald's diary mentioned "some frostbites among us." The sun came out the next day, and the temperature rose to twenty-two below. The party was able to travel sixteen miles, finding the Little Wind River with no difficulty.

On January 12, the patrol camped, according to Fitzgerald's calculations, fifty-five miles up the Little Wind River. They had missed their turnoff. Friday January 13, dawned with the temperature at twelve below, and more snow. The river was getting smaller and they tried a side stream that Carter thought was Forrest Creek; after four miles it petered out and they had to return and again made camp on the Little Wind. The next day a very

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strong gale kept them in camp, but on January 15, they proceeded a further sixteen miles up the Little Wind, and camped at "what is supposed to be the mouth of Forrest Creek." January 16 they trekked six miles up the stream, only to learn their error and return to their previous camp. Carter was sent out to look for the elusive stream with out success.

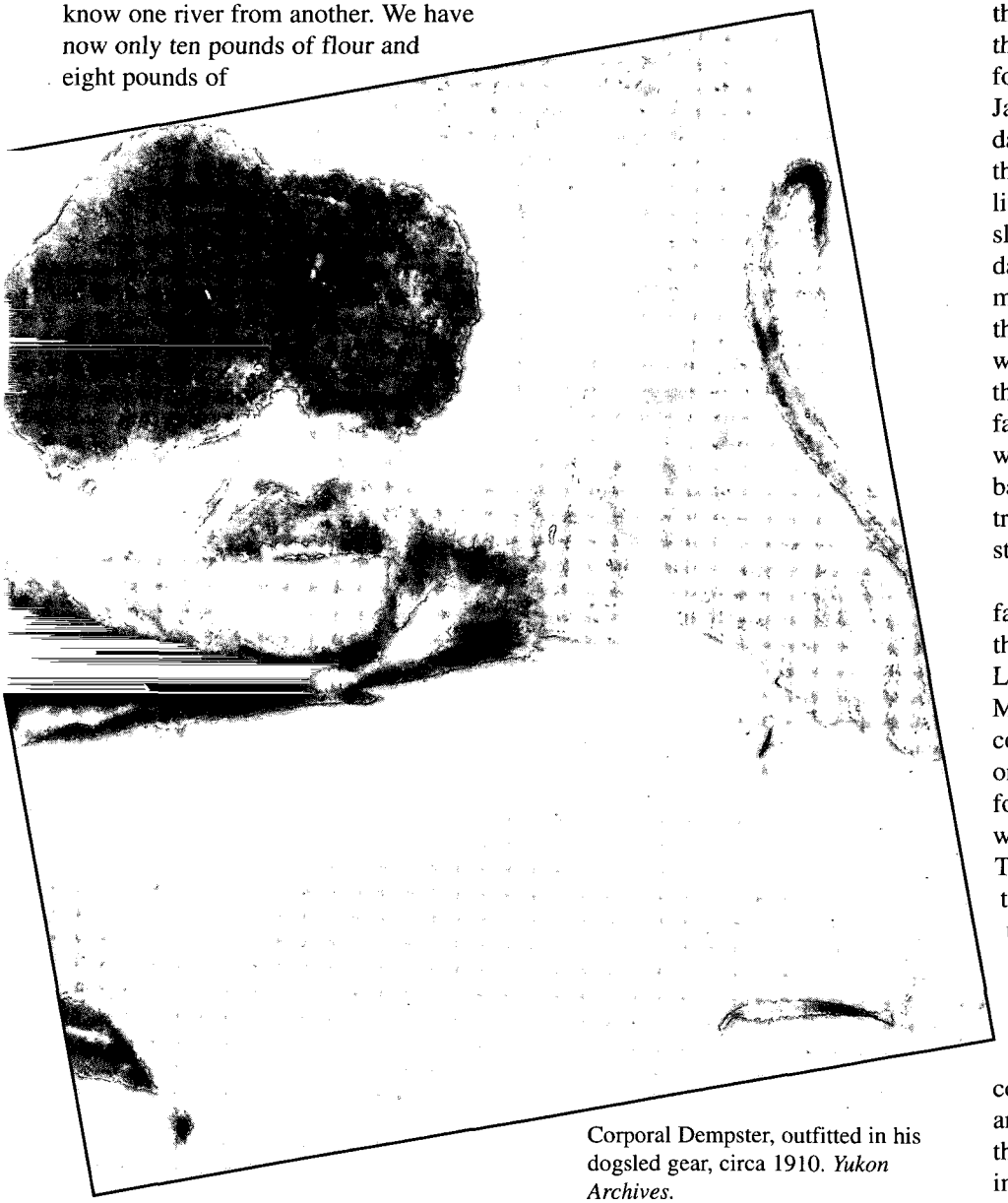
January 17 was decision day. Fitzgerald's diary said it all: "Did not break camp, sent Carter and Kinney off at 7:15 a.m. to follow a river going south by a little east; they returned at 3:30 p.m. and reported that it ran right up in the mountains, and Carter said it was not the right river. I left at 8:00 a.m. and followed a river running south but could not see any cuttings on it. Carter is completely lost and does not know one river from another. We have now only ten pounds of flour and eight pounds of bacon and some dried fish. My last hope is gone and the only thing I can do is return, and kill someof the dogs to feed the others and ourselves, unless we can meet some Indians. We have now been a week looking for a river to take us over the divide, but there are dozens of rivers and I am at a loss." The next day they started to retrace their steps, and that night they killed their first dog but the other dogs wouldn't eat it.

The first two days of the retreat they made good progress covering forty-one miles, despite sometimes being ankle deep in water where the river had overflowed. On January 20 a strong gale kept them in their tent. They ate the last of their flour and bacon and were down to some tea and dried fish. The gale moderated the following afternoon and they were able to make twenty miles. They made seventeen miles on the January 22 as the temperature again hit sixty-four below. The temperature stayed there the following day, precluding any travel. "Carter's fingers are badly frozen."

Although the temperature was still fifty-six below the next day, they attempted travel but encountered open water. Taylor went in up to his waist and Carter up to his hips; because of the intense cold they were forced to go into camp at 11:00 a.m. and try to dry out. They ate their first dog that night as supplies were gone.

They progressed down the Wind River, back to the Peel, and then up Mountain Creek. It was treacherous as they detoured around open water and through heavy snow with little trace of their old trail. They reached the cabin, four miles up Mountain Creek, on January 29. Taylor had been sick all day and the others were feeling much the same, no doubt from eating dog liver. At the cabin they cached one sled and seven dog harnesses. Three days later, having made forty seven miles in sixty-two below temperatures they were at Caribou Borne Mountain, with only seven dogs left. Although the skin was starting to peel off their faces and parts of their bodies, they were confident they could make it back to Fort McPherson. They had traveled 200 miles on dog food and still had a hundred miles to go.

Corporal Dempster's patrol made fast time in covering the 210 miles to the junction of Forrest Creek and the Little Wind River, on March 10. On March 12 they struck an old trail but could not determine if it was the police or an Indian trail. It was impossible to follow as it had flooded over, but they were able to spot it on the river bar. They made the Big Wind at 2:05 p.m. that day, and spent some time looking up the river on both banks. No sign of the lost patrol was spotted, so they continued down river. Toward evening they located an old camp which they felt was that of their colleagues. The next day they located another camp four miles further down the river which, because of their proximity to each other, indicated that the



Corporal Dempster, outfitted in his dogsled gear, circa 1910. *Yukon Archives.*

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Fitzgerald party had returned to Fort McPherson.

The next day they located three more camps, each five miles apart, which confirmed their suspicion. Dempster picked up speed and reached the old cabin up Mountain Creek on March 16. They found the cached sled and harnesses and also a dog's leg that had been cut off at the knee. A shoulder blade had been cooked. They now knew that the Fitzgerald party were low on rations. The going became heavy as they progressed up and down hills over the Caribou Borne cutoff and down the Trail Creek. March 20 they camped at Colin's cabin and discovered two packages. One contained dispatches and the other marked "R.N.W.M.P". Dempster's log disclosed his suspicions that it was "evidently cached here by Inspr. Fitgerald to lighten his load." Even with the discovery, Dempster did not think anything disastrous had happened to the patrol, but he was puzzled as to why they had not returned for the abandoned dispatches.

It was twenty-five below when they came upon a tent the next day. A few hours later they discovered a toboggan and two sets of dog harnesses. A blue handkerchief fluttering from a small tree drew their attention to a faint trail that led into the bush. Following it, Dempster found two bodies. One he recognized as Kinney and the other he concluded was Taylor. Rather than starve to death, Taylor had blown the top of his head off using his .30-30 carbine. The two were laying side by side with a sleeping bag under them and two more on top. There was a frying pan, a small tin with matches in it, a blunt ax, and a camp kettle containing strips of boiled moose skin. Dempster discovered Fitzgerald's diary, with the last entry being made on February 5. "48 below. Left camp at 7:15 a.m.; nooned one hour and camped about eight miles further down [Trail Creek]. Just after noon I broke through the ice and had to make a fire; found one foot slightly frozen. Killed another dog tonight; have only five dogs now and can only go a few miles a day. Everyone breaking out on the body and skin peeling off. Eight miles."

The emaciated bodies were covered and the search patrol moved on. At 8:30 a.m. on March 21, they found an indistinct trail leading into the bush from the river bank. Here they found the bodies of Carter and Fitzgerald. Carter had died first as his body was laying on its back, his hands neatly folded on his chest and the face covered by a handkerchief. Fitzgerald was laying on his back, partially covered by a blanket on the spot where a campfire had been. In his pocket was his will, scratched out with a piece of charred wood. "All monies in dispatch bag, and bank, clothes, etc., I leave to my dearly beloved mother, Mrs. John Fitzgerald, Halifax. God bless all. F.J. Fitzgerald, R.N.W.M.P."

A broken, blunt ax was discovered nearby. Again the bodies were covered and the stunned patrol continued on, only twenty-five miles, to Fort McPherson to report the tragedy.

Corporal J. Somers, in charge of Fort McPherson in Fitzgerald's absence, was able to scrounge together three teams of dogs from the Hudson Bay store and led a party out to recover the bodies. They were buried on March 28, with the Reverend C.E. Whittaker presiding.

Somers made out his report for Dempster to take with him to Dawson, and the return trip was started on March 30. A record trip was made, with the search patrol arriving in Dawson on April 16.

The entire force was shocked by the fate of the lost patrol, but no official inquiry was conducted. It was speculated that the disaster was caused by the meager supplies that Fitzgerald took, the poor shape his dogs were in, and Carter's inability to guide. Never again was the winter patrol sent from Fort McPherson; in the future it always emanated from Dawson.

In a dispatch from R.N.W.M.P. Comptroller, Lieutenant Colonel White, dated April 18, 1911, it is noted that Inspector Fitzgerald, Constables Kinney and Taylor, and Special Constable Carter had been selected to represent the force at the coronation of King George V. in London. It would have been a fitting honor.

Today, the highway from Dawson City to Fort McPherson, is known as the Dempster Highway

Dempster's search party, after finding the remains of the Fort McPherson-Dawson patrol. *Yukon Archives.*

Terry Halden, is currently finishing a book on Montana ghost towns. His future research for *True West* includes a history of Alberta's Provencial Police.

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BY LORI VAN PELT

Estelle Reel

Estelle Reel exhibited a few quirks, including writing her own obituary and changing her will monthly. She titled her final copy *A Woman Who Held Many Offices in Her Time*, and wrote of herself, "In all her life she seems to have been a pioneer." Despite such obsessions, Reel accomplished much during her life.

She claimed the distinction of being the first woman elected to state office when she became Wyoming's Superintendent of Public Instruction in 1894. The suitable stepping stone for the ambitious woman marked a befitting turn of events for the nearly five-year-old state, which had granted woman suffrage in its territorial days. Reel would later earn a presidential appointment as National Superintendent of Indian Schools—the first and only woman to hold that position. Her appointment also made her the first woman to receive Senate confirmation.

On November 6, 1894, Republican Reel won her tour-year state term by large margin over Democrat Arthur J. Matthews. However, Reel's scrapbooks at the Wyoming State Archives in Cheyenne, Wyoming, contain an unidentified newspaper article claiming Emma Bates of North Dakota was the first woman elected Superintendent of Public Instruction and placing Reel second. Other sources indicate Reel gained the office first.

Bates served until 1896, and at least one other woman, Mrs. Angenette J. Peavy of Colorado, held the education office at the same time. Peavy was also elected in 1894 and served until 1896. The Rock Springs *Wyoming Miner* of October 31, 1894, reported that Nebraska, Colorado, South Dakota, Idaho, and North Dakota had all named women to vie for the title—a position the paper described as "peculiarly fitting to a woman."

The position gave Reel charge over Wyoming's schools, and also placed her on two important boards—the Land Commission and Charities and Reform. Her salary was $2,000—an amount some considered exorbitant for a female. Her duties included preparation of a biannual report to the governor on the condition of the state's public schools and clerical tasks for the Board of Charities and Reform, which operated the state's hospitals and prison. In this capacity, she spoke at the National Prison Congress in New York City, earning a bronze medal for outstanding service from that organization. She toured state institutions of Colorado, Nebraska, and Illinois with other board members.

Reel's land board duties included a variety of clerical and secretarial work in addition to collection of state land rentals. The March 10, 1896, issue of the New York *Sun* quoted Reel as stating that land rentals increased by $700 per month during her first year in office. She advocated laws to ease reclamation and favored restrictions to prevent speculators and land corporations from "grabbing up our lands," which she felt should be settled by farmers and ranchers.

Reel won voter approval partly through her success as county superintendent of schools for Laramie County, Wyoming. Marian Ross of the Toppenish Museum, in Toppenish, Washington, which houses a large Reel collection, called her "one of the best promoters of herself one could possibly be." Reel accomplished positive goals, but she had her quirks, too. For example, she wrote her own obituary, which was printed by her local newspaper when she died. She didn't acknowledge her early years but focused on her accomplishments.

Born in Pittsfield, Illinois, in 1862 to physician A. L. Reel and his wife, Jane R. Scanland, Reel attended Chicago, St. Louis, and Boston schools. Details of her early life are sketchy, but it appears that her parents died when she was young and that Reel made her way to Wyoming in the mid-1880s. She taught school in

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Estelle Reel's campaign photograph. A pamphlet she prepared with this photo is said to have inspired Wyoming cowboys to travel as many as sixty miles to vote for her. *Wyoming Division of Cultural Resources.*

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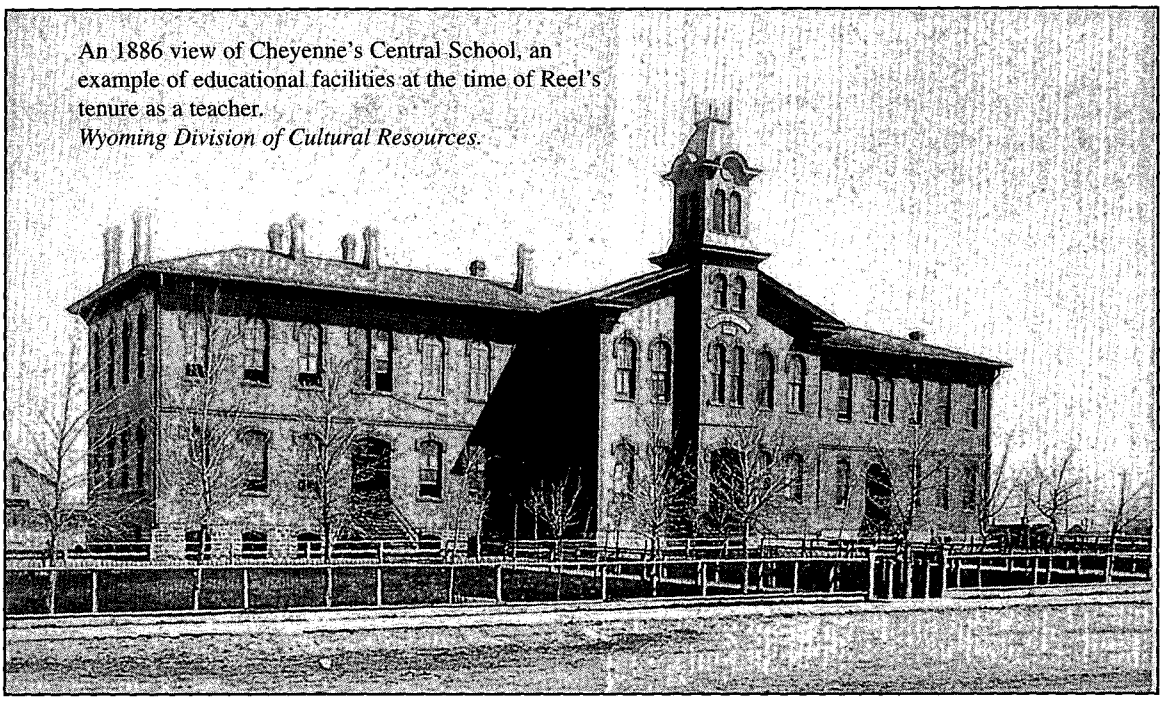
Cheyenne for several years before being twice-elected Laramie County Superintendent of Schools. Her first attempt resulted in her garnering the largest majority of votes ever received by a candidate at that time. She directed several annual County Teacher Institutes, earning praise for her organizational skills. Teachers from throughout the area and from as far away as Mississippi, Utah, and eastern Nebraska attended the Cheyenne training sessions.



An 1886 view of Cheyenne's Central School, an example of educational facilities at the time of Reel's tenure as a teacher.
Wyoming Division of Cultural Resources.

After enjoying success in those endeavors, Reel decided to hit the campaign trail. She prepared an informational pamphlet with an attached photograph of herself, mailing it to all the voters in the state. As a result, newspapers reported that Wyoming's cowboys, admiring her pretty face, rode as many as sixty miles to vote. Since dances often followed political rallies and Reel was the only female candidate, newspapers also attributed Reel's ability to garner votes to her graceful dancing skills.

Campaigning presented its own set of difficulties for a frontier woman. On swings across Wyoming's 97,000 square miles, journeying by stagecoach, on horseback, and in wagons, Reel traveled with the other candidates of her Republican party—all men. Wyoming's governor, Democrat John E. Osborne, questioned the propriety of the matter. The *Cheyenne Sun* in 1894 quoted Osborne as saying, "which of the distinguished male quintette [sic] assumes responsibility for Miss Reel is not apparent." The newspaper retorted that Wyoming women could travel the state without being accompanied by a guardian. However, rumors circulated that Reel had agreed to marry her opponent if she lost. The gossip died quickly. He was already married.

The *Cheyenne Leader* pronounced Reel "as competent to be state superintendent as county superintendent. " The fact that 300 of Wyoming's 367 schoolteachers were female and 11 of 12 county superintendents were women also aided Reel in her political bid.

News reports also illustrate Reel's quirks. She modestly told one newspaper, "I did no stump-speaking. I simply went through the state and met people, you know. It was mere chance I was elected." However, she told another that she spoke at many political meetings and campaigned hard, saying, "Work? I should say I did."

Reel prepared information for the year ended March 31, 1898 indicating 360,000 acres of Wyoming school lands with rentals totaling $12,617.55 on 301,812 leased acres. Reel hoped the schools could become self-supporting rather than tax-reliant. Although Reel supported equal pay for equal work, male teachers earned $58 per month and females only $45, even in the Equality State.

Reel's stand on suffrage is confusing. She squelched rumors that she would seek the governor's seat. In a letter to the New York *Sun* in 1896, she said the idea of a woman running for the position was "not worthy of serious consideration." She noted that women held nearly half of the state's voting power and stated they were happy with the right to vote and the chance to persuade the legislature that equal pay should be given for equal work. She concluded, " [Women] will not attempt to encroach upon offices which should always be filled by men, one of which is the Governorship."

But Reel campaigned for William McKinley in his presidential bid. In return, she received appointment as National Superintendent of Indian Schools in 1898. Reel attended McKinley's inauguration, purchasing a $1,000 Parisian gown for the occasion and accessorizing it with a $50 hat. (The gown cost about as much as a man's wages for two years and is displayed at the Toppenish Museum.)

Reel's appointment followed the removal of Superintendent W. N. Hailmann in a political upheaval. Distinguished men such as J. Pierpont Morgan of New York; the bishops of Rhode Island, New York, and Massachusetts; the provost of the University of Pennsylvania; and Booker T. Washington, the principal of the Tuskegee Institute, supported Hailmann's retention in office. (Washington had been educated at the Hampton Institute and had taught Indian students in the early 1880s.) Reel herself thought Hailmann should remain. Even so, political pressures ended Hailmann's term.

Reel exercised general supervision over Indian schools and school-age Indians under the control of the federal government, which appropriated a three million dollar budget. She advocated a uniform course of instruction for the

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Indian schools, wrote a textbook on the subject, and traveled throughout the West visiting the schools. Her book, *A Course of Study for the Indian Schools of The United States—Industrial and Literary,* was commended by other educators. The course, prepared with the help of Commissioner W.A. Jones, was created to help the Indians become self-supporting. Detailed course work ranged from basketry and blacksmithing to upholstery and writing. Students were also taught how to raise crops and livestock; how to cook; and personal hygiene, including information about tuberculosis and its prevention. Reel's attention to detail is evident; for example, students learning to sew were also instructed in the proper way to hold the needle.

She conducted the Colorado Springs Indian Institute in July 1898, as her first official duty. An active member of the National Education Association (NEA), Reel soon persuaded that organization to hold annual conventions in conjunction with Indian School Institutes. Indian students displayed craft items and school work, and at one institute, the eighteen-member Perris, California, school band and the Girls' Mandolin and Guitar Club performed. In her report to Congress dated October 20, 1899, Reel wrote that summer institutes were "a great benefit to the Indian teachers (many of whom are isolated from civilization), who thus meet and exchange ideas that prove most helpful in their vocation."

However, Indian education remained controversial. According to the 1890 report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Indians should learn not only how to make things but also "the culture of the moral nature, and the formation of character." Many problems surfaced, including questions regarding the most efficient way to teach Indians how to become self-sufficient. The diversity of the tribes themselves added to the difficulties. Reel wrote in her reports, "While some of the tribes highly value education and voluntarily send their children to school, there are yet many who do not appreciate its advantages and oppose the teaching of their children." She supported compulsory attendance.

In 1898, nearly 20,000 Indian students attended school, and some made great strides. Dr. Montezuma, an Apache who attended the Carlisle school in Pennsylvania and then the University of Pennsylvania, opened a successful medical practice in Chicago while the Reverend Charles Cook, a Sioux, devoted his life to the education and culture of his people. Dr. Susan La Flesche-Picotte, an Omaha woman, became the first American Indian woman to graduate from medical college in 1889. After her graduation, she served as a tribal physician. Reel said most achieved good results but about a quarter of the students were "considered bad or worthless, and upon whom the benefits and advantages of school life conferred no appreciable results."

This photo portrays Reel as she looked later in life, during and after her regular tours of Indian schools. *Wyoming Division of Cultural Resources.*

In her first three years, she logged 65,900 miles—most by train but more than 2,000 by wagon. During her first year alone, her visits included Haskell Institute in Lawrence, Kansas; Chilocco, Oklahoma; Santa Fe, New Mexico; Perris, California; Carson City, Nevada; the Lincoln Institute in Philadelphia; and Carlisle, Pennsylvania, the largest Indian school in the United States. Educating 25,000 pupils generated a $2,936,080 annual cost and employed more than 2,500 people near the turn of the century.

By 1902, she felt encouraged by the "great change that has gradually come over the older Indians in their attitude toward the education of their children and the white man's civilization generally." The conditions of Indians at home, she said, showed the value of educational work and the advantages of "inculcating in them a proper appreciation of the blessings of a civilized life."

Despite progress, and although Presidents Theodore Roosevelt and William Taft reappointed Reel to her position, Congress eliminated funding in 1910. That year, Reel, in her late forties, married Washington rancher Cort Meyer. The couple, who didn't have children, lived near Toppenish.

Reel was "not noted for her kindness and generosity," Ross said. However, "one of the nicest things she ever did" was keeping an orphaned Aleut girl during the summers. The girl was attending Indian schools in Oregon and Washington.

Ross said that after Reel's eyesight had failed, she decided eggs were expensive and told her husband to eat only one egg for breakfast rather than his preferred two. She scolded him if she heard two eggs crack. The family physician, present at one of these egg-cracking sessions, reported Meyer winked at him when he cracked two and made one sound.

Meyer died at age 90 in 1947. Reel died in 1959 at age 96. A marker stands as a memorial to the Meyers on land they bequeathed to the Toppenish Garden Club, but which is now privately owned. As her obituary attests, Estelle Reel is remembered for her pioneering efforts in Indian education and frontier politics.

Lori Van Pelt is the author of *Dreamers and Schemers,* a compilation of Wyoming's colorful characters. The vice president of Wyoming Writers, Inc., Van Pelt joined our stable of writers in the Fall 1999 issue of *Old West.*

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REVIEWS

BOOKS • MOVIES • VIDEOS

The Men Who Wear the Star: The Story of the Texas Rangers

By Charles M. Robinson, III. (Random House, 333 pages, notes, maps, photos, bibliography. $29.95 cloth.)

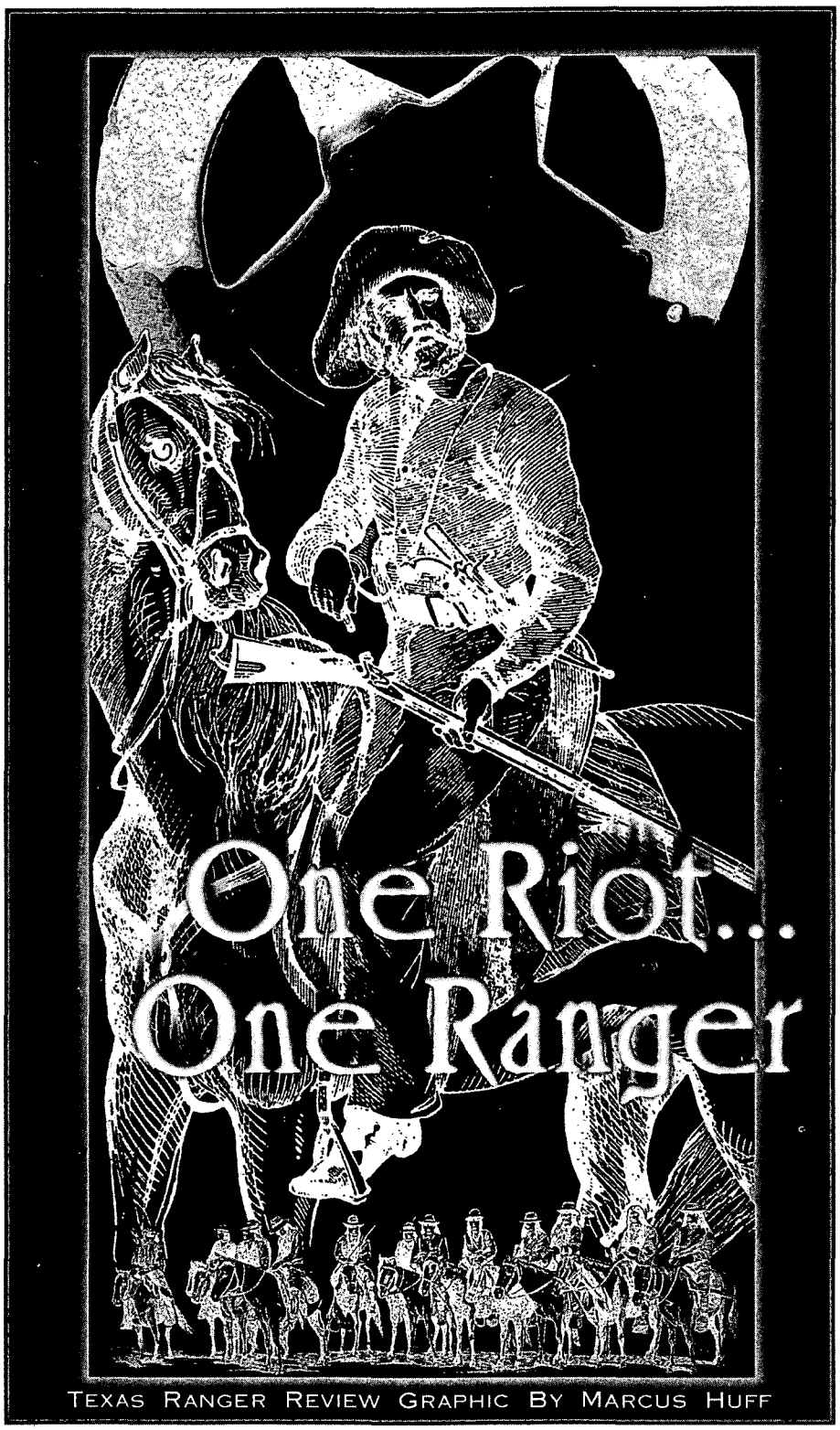
★★★★

Several books currently in print deal with various aspects of Texas Ranger exploits, but almost none attempt a running narrative that outlines Ranger history from its beginning to the entrance of modern times.

In doing so, Charles Robinson tells several stories, all with great skill. We get the development of the Rangers as seen against the backdrop of the development of Texas. We see Rangers on the border, Rangers in Mexico, Rangers as military units, Rangers as filibusters, Rangers as Indian fighters, and Rangers doing what they have always done exceptionally well: capturing and killing outlaws.

Along the way, we learn things as an aside. For instance, the Colt Revolver is famous not so much because of Colt, but because of the Texas Rangers. Thanks primarily to Ranger Sam Walker, the Walker Colt became one of the most durable, effective weapons on the frontier.

Throughout the early years of Texas, the Rangers cut their teeth in clashes with Mexicans and Karankawas, the latter a coastal Indian. The war for Texas indepen-



TEXAS RANGER REVIEW GRAPHIC BY MARCUS HUFF

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dence followed, and after that came the Mexican War. Texas came out of that by clashing primarily with the Comanches and Kiowas, and then the Union. After the Civil War, it was back to the border, and back to the Comanches. By the 1870s, however, the Rangers had turned to a relatively new and far more dangerous opponent: desperadoes, home-grown and imported.

The latter had such names as Bill Longley, Sam Bass, John King Fisher, and the greatest mankiller of them all, John Wesley Hardin. Feuds such as Sutton Taylor and a dozen or two others arose. Out in West Texas, Rangers put down the El Paso Salt War.

Meanwhile, Ranger names arose that are still famous today: Sam Walker, John Coffee Hays, John Salmon Ford, Sul Ross, John B. Jones, Leander McNelly, Lee Hall, John Waller, and John Armstrong.

Robinson concludes with the retirement of Ranger Captain John R. Hughes, and a chapter entitled, "Tarnished Star." The latter refers to the 1917 low point in Ranger history when several officers were accused of corruption.

What briefly follows then are references to prohibition, the Bonnie and Clyde affair, and an assessment of the Rangers as they operate today. The author even evaluates the television program, "Walker: Texas Ranger." Robinson notes that the "Rangers themselves don't particularly care for the black hat [Chuck] Norris wears on the show (they prefer white or pearl gray), and they hate the long hair and beard. They do, however, sense and appreciate the values the Walker character represents."

If your library contains only one Texas Ranger book, this ought to be it.
Leon C. Metz

The Royal Road

Photographs by Christine Preston. Text by Douglas Preston and Jose Antonio Esquibel. (University of New Mexico Press. Illus., maps, bibliographical essay. 178 pp. $55.00, cloth; $26.85, paper.)
★★★

There is no shortage, at all, of good books on the Santa Fe Trail from Missouri to the New Mexico capital. There are one or two on its neglected extension southward to Chihuahua City, but you will be hard-pressed to find an earlier book on the whole shebang, New Mexico's *Camino Real* or Royal Road. It ran all the way, 1,800 miles, from Santa Fe to Mexico City via Socorro and El Paso. (A much better-known *Camino Real* tied California 's missions together, and there was still another Royal Road in Spanish Florida.)

Quite properly, the illustrator takes top billing over this book's co-authors, although Douglas Preston's brief text is nothing to sneeze at; part personal journal, part history of the route and its founder, conquistador Juan de Onate (1598). Mrs. Preston's photos, however, many of them full-color plates, are so dazzingly beautiful that mere words do not stand a chance.

One reason for the Preston's success (Esquibel contributes only an appendix on the genealogy and biography of early Hispanic settlers) is that they explored every pulgada of the old road over a period of five years, putting 13,000 miles on the odometer. They camped on it and where they had to leave their four-wheel drive behind, they rode horseback (350 miles) and probably hiked a couple hundred miles of it to record their beautiful images.
Richard H. Dillon

Blood in the Wilderness: The Story of the Harps, America's First Serial Killers

By Jack Edward Shay. (Xlibris Corporation. PO Box 2199, Princeton, New Jersey 08543-2199. Bibliography, photos. 123pp. $18.95, paper.)
★★

Drawing upon the work of such 19th century historians as Lyman C. Draper and James Hall, who used court records, newspaper accounts, and surviving letters and journals, the author has written a very concise, detailed narrative of Micajah and Wiley Harp. Reputedly America's first and most brutal serial killers, the Harp brothers operated primarily on the remote, lawless Kentucky and Tennessee frontier, 1797-1799.

Born two years apart in North Carolina into a family of British loyalists during the late 1760s, the brothers eventually moved west and began a ruthless reign of terror that took the lives of as many as thirty-nine victims. Killing indiscriminately for reasons that the author does not explain convincingly, the Harps murdered women, children, and men, often disemboweling the latter. Micajah Hart even killed his infant daughter to stop her from crying.

After a $600 reward for their collective capture was authorized by the governor of

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Kentucky, the Harps moved to Ohio and holed up temporarily in a remote fortress known as Cave-in-Rock. During much of their heinous killing spree, they were accompanied by three women; two presumably were their wives.

In late August 1799, Micajah "Big" Harp, the older brother, was shot and killed by a Kentucky posse. His head was severed and, as was the contemporary custom, was impaled on a pole or tree branch to deter potential desperadoes. Wiley escaped, but the author does not clarify absolutely his eventual fate. While legend suggests that he was eaten by a pack of wolves sometime after 1800, he apparently was executed in Mississippi.

The author attempts to make a case for the veracity of his narrative, but he also acknowledges the uncertainty of some of the events he reports and their chronology and refers to imprecise records and verbal recollections. Given the general lack of literacy on the frontier in 1800 and second-hand newspaper accounts, questions must be raised about the book's credibility. Formal, scholarly documentation and a detailed map rather than just a bibliography would have made the narrative more believable. Nonetheless, given the limitations of his sources, the author undoubtedly has written the most reliable account of the Harps possible. *Richard H. Peterson*

Roadside History of Utah

By Cynthia Larsen Bennett. (Mountain Press Publishing, PO Box 2399, Missoula, MT 59806. Photos, maps, bibliography, index. 402 pp. $18.00, paper.)

★★

Mountain Press Publishing's enjoyable *Roadside History* series has included several fine surveys of the history of western states. The concept is a good one; a light, historical reference book that tourists can consult as they travel down a state's highways, combining sound historical observation and entertaining local color. Marshall Trimble's excellent *Roadside History of Arizona* combined the author's keen understanding of Arizona history with

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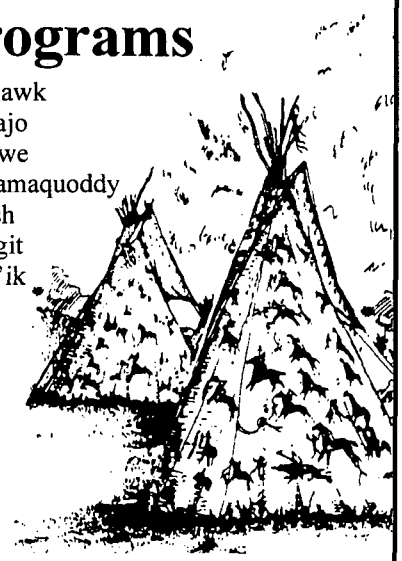

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his storyteller's flair for retelling interesting anecdotes. Unfortunately, the latest edition to the series, Cynthia Larsen Bennett's *Roadside History of Utah*, fails to paint an objective view of Utah history, and lacks the excitement and flavor that many readers of western history most enjoy.

Bennett approaches the history of the Beehive State from a difficult perspective, but her uncritical eye leaves a decidedly one-sided view of Utah's past that the reviewer found to be neither accurate, nor engaging. For example, the description of the fascinating Mormon Danite gunman Orrin Porter Rockwell is brief and makes no mention of the exploits of this controversial western character. More disturbing is Bennett's account of the Mountain Meadows Massacre, where in 1857, the Fancher wagon train from Missouri was massacred by a combined force of Indians and Mormon militiamen. It is not surprising that the event is described so poorly, since the definitive work on the subject, written by Mormon historian Juanita Brooks, is not even cited in the bibliography. Bennet does a much better job of telling the story of Utah's homesteaders.

Bennett's choice to focus on settlers instead of on adventurers probably better reflects the values of most Utahns, past and present. But the out-of-state tourist using *Roadside History of Utah* as a piece of entertainment may find it to be pretty bland fare. And for the more serious student of history, Bennett's lack of objectivity limits the book's usefulness as a research tool.

John R. Sweet

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The American Indian

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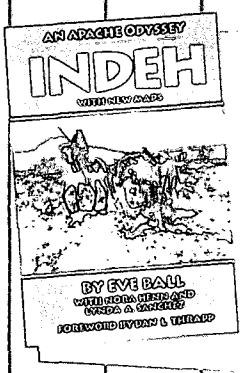
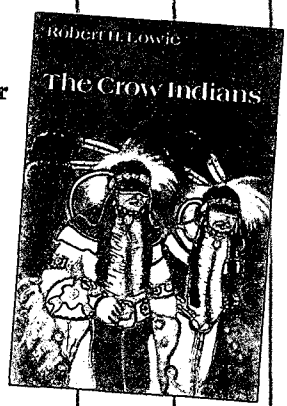
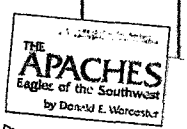
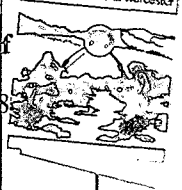


Indeh: An Apache Odyssey. *By Eve Ball with Nora Henn, Lynda A. Sanchez.* 334p. University of Oklahoma Press. **$17.95 Paper**

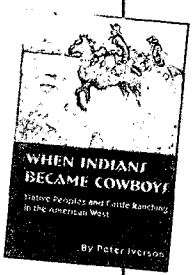






The Apaches: Eagles of Southwest. *By Donald Worchester.* 38[illegible] University of Oklahoma **$16.95 Paper**

The Crow Indians. *By Robert H. Lowie.* 350p. University of Nebraska Press. **$12.00 Paper**



The Comanches: A History, 1706-1875. *By Thomas W. Kavanagh.* 602p. University of Nebraska Press. **$20.00 Paper**

The Nez Percés: Tribesmen of the Columbia Plateau *By Francis Haines.* 365p. University of Oklahoma Press. **$17.95 Paper**

When Indians Became Cowboys: Native Peoples and Cattle Ranching. *By Peter Iverson.* 288p. University of Oklahoma Press. **$15.95 Paper**

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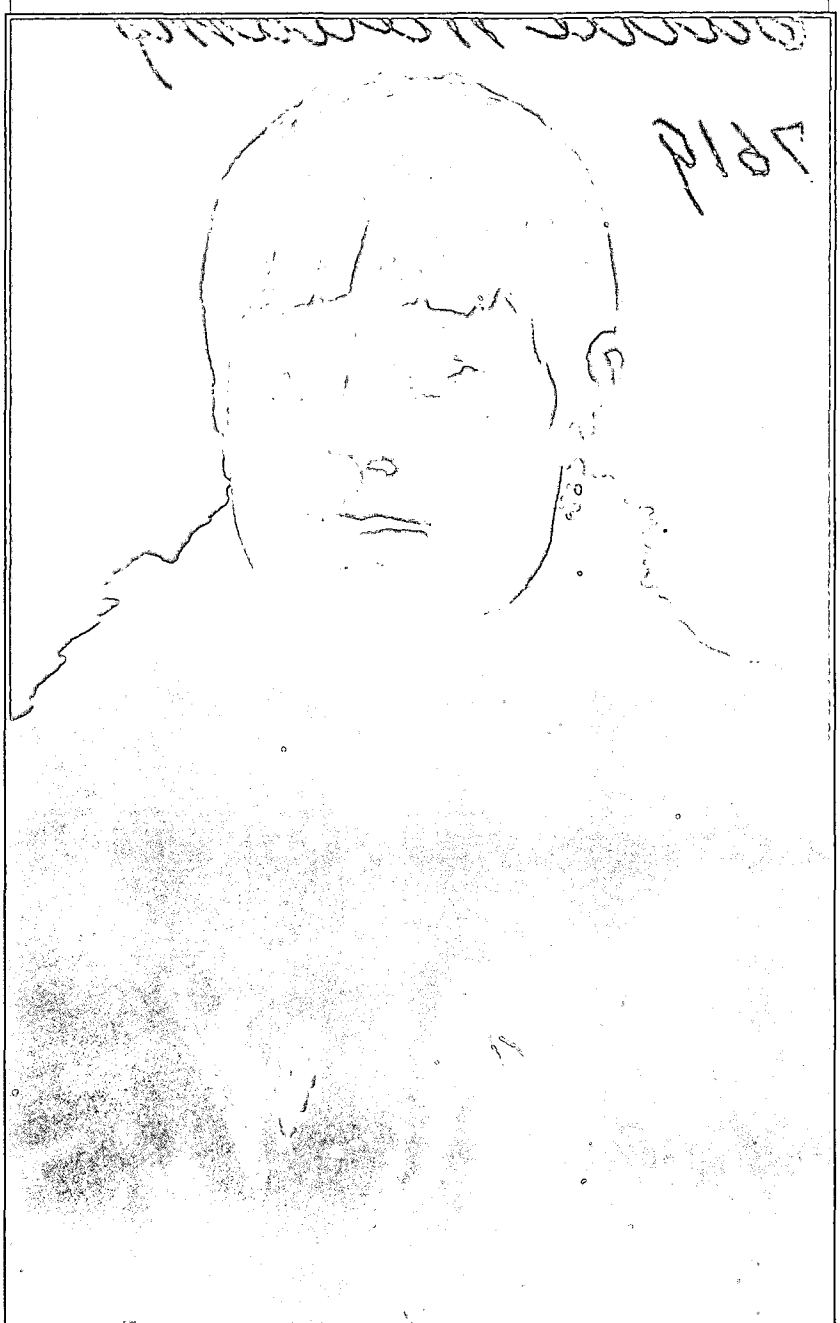
WILD WILD SEX

THOSE BELLES OF THE BARBARY COAST

By William B. Secrest

The first prostitutes to hit San Francisco's notorious Barbary Coast were from Mexico and South America, since they received news of the Gold Rush first. It was estimated that between October 1848 and March 1849, some four to six thousand Mexicans left for California, while thousands more were arriving from Chile, Brazil, Nicaragua, and Peru. Most of the women were prostitutes, many young and poor with no money, but obliging sea captains let them work off their debt after their arrival.

"Weeks pass that some Chilean or American brig loaded by speculators does not discharge here a cargo of women," sniffed Patrice Dillon, a Frenchman. Dillon overlooked the fact that French colonies in the Western Hemisphere were in the vanguard of the trade. French women from Valparaiso, Lima, the Hawaiian Islands, and the French Marquesas were always in demand. Many of the Parisian prostitutes were so popular they were already known by name when they arrived in California. Sarah Mercoeur was described as a Venus, a tall and handsome actress. Julia Manton was a "lovely brunette with sparkling eyes, while Pauline



Carrie Spencer, alias Mortimer, alias half a dozen other names. Like so many of the early San Francisco prostitutes, Carrie aligned herself with a thug for a boyfriend and spent much time in jail for various offenses. *Author's Collection.*

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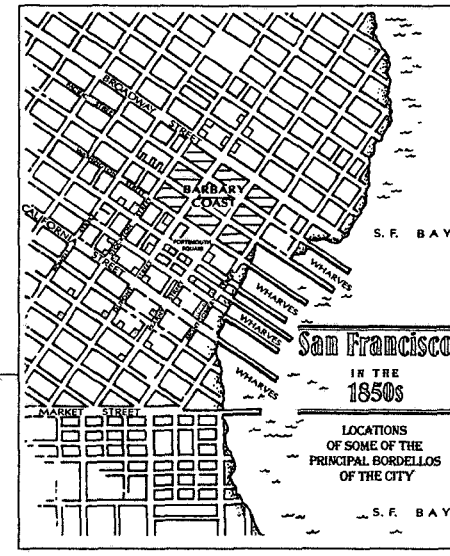
Leroux, also an ex-actress, was "one of the prettiest women in Paris."

Despite the publicity and mystique that accompanied the French women, most had been merely cheap streetwalkers in the past. "If the poor fellows [in California]," commented a French journalist, "had known what these women had been in Paris, how one could pick them up...for almost nothing, they might not have been so free with their offers of $500 or $600 a night."

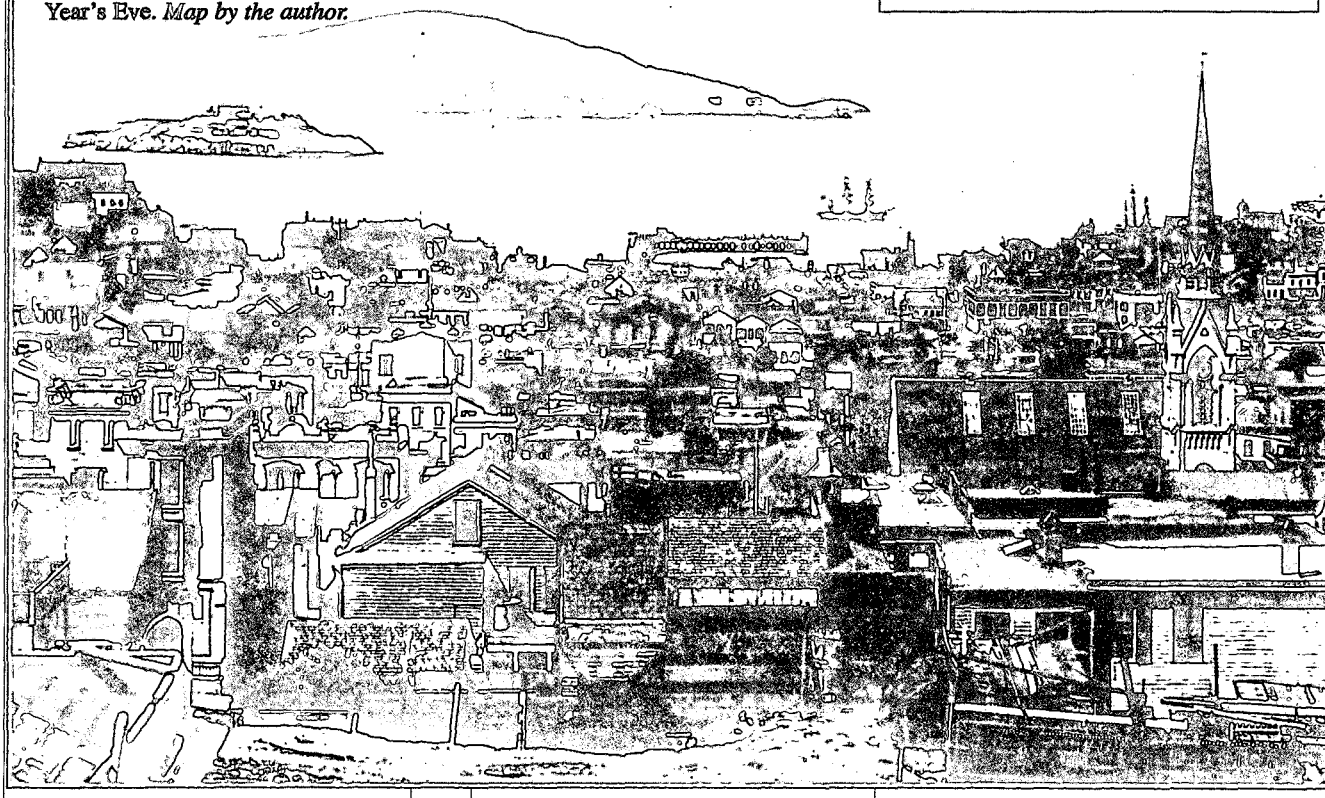
As popular as the French prostitutes was a slender celestial named Ah Toy who arrived from China in early 1849. A natural born entrepreneur, indications are she had fled a cruel husband and established herself as an expensive cyprian in San Francisco. It was said that there were block-long lines of men leading to her shack in an alley off Clay Street and when the Sacramento boat docked, half the male passengers sprinted off towards Ah Toy's place.

When she took several customers to court for passing off brass filings as gold dust, the judge couldn't help asking the reason for those Sacramento boat travelers running to her place? "They came to gaze upon the charming countenance of Ah Toy," she relied sweetly. The judge assumed this was a metaphor for the sex act, but he was probably wrong. Besides being a prostitute, Ah Toy was making an age-old myth pay off—the myth that a fundamentally female portion of an Asian woman's anatomy was horizontal, rather than vertical. Her price for a peek was reportedly one ounce of dust, or $16.

In those very early days of the Barbary Coast, the women found shelter mostly in tents and shacks scattered around Telegraph Hill. But cribs and brothels were quickly thrown up and the larger gambling halls always had their female attrac-



In this 1856 view there are various bagnios in the scene, all within a few blocks of the spired church at middle right. *Author's Collection.* The map at right details the Barbary Coast district, between Montgomery and Stockton streets, and Broadway and Washington streets. On the outskirts lies Portsmouth Square, where revelers tear down San Francisco's celebrated Christmas tree every New Year's Eve. *Map by the author.*



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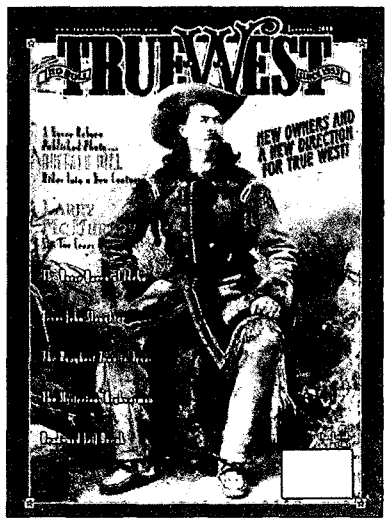

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tions. James McCabe, half owner of the El Dorado gambling hall, arrived in 1849 with his mistress, Irene McCready, a madam who set up her bagnio nearby.

In just a few years, Belle Cora's commodious brick establishment was stocked with the most attractive cyprians she could find. Belle's closest competition was Mary Blaine, whose looks and house on Dupont street rivaled Belle's in every way.

If Cora and Blaine were at the top, at the other end of the spectrum was Rose Church. Her police blotter shows her to have been a New Zealand immigrant born about 1835, probably to a convict mother. Rose was a common prostitute and later a madam. She had burn scars on her face, was as tough as she looked, and prostitution was just the tip of her iceberg.

In late April 1857, Isaac Hutchings stepped off the Oregon boat for a few days of fun in San Francisco. He made a huge mistake when he visited Rose's Jackson Street bagnio. Drunk and drugged by the women, Hutchings was kept in bed for several days and systematically robbed of over $700. Luckily, fellow passengers asked the police to investigate. Detectives Isaiah Lees and Henry Johnson soon located the missing man. When they burst into his room, the helpless man cried out, "Thank God, I am saved! I am saved!" Only a good lawyer saved Rose from San Quentin.

The high-priced girls of Belle Cora and Mary Blaine lived the good life, frolicking with the richest and most prominent men in town. For them the risk of venereal disease was minimal, but those girls in the cribs and dance halls of the Barbary Coast ran terrible risks. The prominent madams had regular examinations by physicians to protect their girls and their reputation. The prostitutes of a lower scale took their chances. Syphilis could be treated with tincture of mercury, but there was no effective way to medicate gonorrhea. Besides sterilization, gonorrhea could result in inflammation of the pelvic organs, and limbs crippled by arthritis.

Unwanted pregnancies were another hazard of the trade and many died from self attempts at abortions when they couldn't afford a doctor. A good healthy baby, however, might be sold by Mary Ellen Pleasant, who specialized in such things.

From the 1860s to the turn of the century the Barbary Coast was one of the most depraved, lawless, and dangerous places in the country. The women pretty much fit the same description, with names like The Galloping Cow, Pigeon-toed Sal, Cowboy Mag. Here, nothing was out of bounds, from male prostitutes, to peep shows where "virgins" were de-flowered and "circuses" featuring women copulating with animals. The glory days of the Gold Rush were a distant memory.

The Barbary Coast was a hellhole shortly to be exterminated by the earthquake and fires of April 18, 1906, although a few remaining landmarks may still be seen in the Bay City.

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ASK THE MARSHAL

BY MARSHALL TRIMBLE

Q One of my favorite cowboy stars was Col. Tim McCoy. Didn't he die in a car wreck?
—Kurt Wendland, Hot Springs, Arkansas

A Not quite. You are probably thinking of Tom Mix, the famous movie cowboy who died in a car wreck near Florence, Arizona in 1940. Col. Tim McCoy retired from making cowboy pictures and moved to Nogales, Arizona. After a long, full life, he died in the military hospital at Fort Huachuca in 1978.

Q At the height of the fur trade era, how much was a beaver pelt worth?
—Larry Dillard, Bellevue, Washington

A Prime beaver pelts were used as currency in the mountain trade and were referred to as "hairy banknotes." The peak years of the trade were 1830-32, when a pelt could sell for around $9.00 By 1840 the price had dropped to 1-2 dollars as silk became the choice for hats.

Painted for War

Q How did the Plains Indians create body paints?
—Chuck Emerson, Frankfurt, Germany

A From herbs and natural ingredients. Interestingly, Plains Indian warriors painted their faces black to strike fear into their adversaries; others, like the Pima of Arizona, painted their faces black after taking an enemy warrior's life.

Q How much did soldiers make a month while serving on the Western frontier?
—Jeff Wilkins, Campbell, California

A Pay in the under-appreciated frontier army was low; privates made $13 a month, corporals made $16, and sergeants were paid $23. A lieutenant made around $40.

Q I know bedbugs were a major problem in the Wild West. How did pioneers keep their beds clear of the pests?
—Brian Dunbar, Hatboro, Pennsylvania

A Each leg of the bed was placed in a tin can of coal oil. This also worked for other critters, except badgers. One old-timer claimed the best way to get rid of pests was to shave a strip down the middle of your chest, then set one side on fire. When the bed bigs crossed over the shaved part, stab 'em with an ice pick.

Q How did the Alamo get its name?
—Beatrice Tlardi, Quincy, Massachusetts

A The mission, orignally called San Antonio de Valero, was renamed by visiting Spanish troops in honor of their hometown, San Jose y Santiago del Alamo de Parras.

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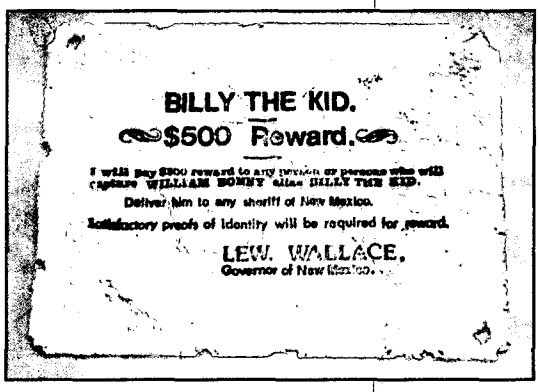
COLLECTOR'S CORNER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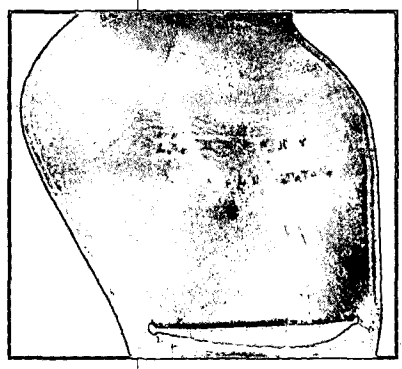
LEW. WALLACE,
Governor of New Mexico.

Last month we told you to beware of anyone trying to sell you a **Billy the Kid** WANTED poster (see sidebar below, right). Well, here's a sample (above) of someone trying to pass one off. They have obviously copied the original newspaper ad **Gov. Lew Wallace** had placed in the Santa Fe newspapers. They added some curly-Q's and then roughed it up. It's not worth the paper it's printed on…

…**Johnny Gianfranco** is known to have one of the premiere Western Americana collections in the world. Contacted at his office in Austin, Johnny agreed to share with us his recently purchased image of an unknown Ellsworth, Kansas, gunfighter photo, circa 1870s. The photo is amazing on several accounts. It portrays a gunfighter eerily close to the Hollywood version that has been so roundly criticized as being totally inaccurate. The most startling detail is that the pistolero in the photo is clearly using tie downs to hold his holsters while riding. Experts claim there are only three or four known examples of tie downs in the thousands of images that survive. Gianfranco says he paid $2,700 for the stunning image and we hope to run a photo of it in the next issue…

…author and collector, **John Boessenecker** has been active on **e-Bay,** picking up a rare 1903 **Folsom Prison** break WANTED poster for $100, several badges and a scarce **Wells, Fargo** sign which he refuses to say how much he paid because his wife might read this…

…**Daryl Stolper** has one of those "I-don't-think-they-knew-what-they-had" stories. About eight years ago he was in Santa Fe looking around in the **Koshari Trading Post** when he spotted an 1849 pocket pistol in a leather holster. On the flap of the weathered-holster was the inscription: "L.G. Murphy, Lincoln, N.M. Ter." (see photo). Of course, **Lawrence G. Murphy** was the leader of the Murphy-Dolan faction, opposing **Billy the Kid** and the Tunstall-McSween faction in the **Lincoln County War.** Stolper immediately snapped up the pistol and holster for a song. Any interested parties should contact Daryl at (310) 454-9743.



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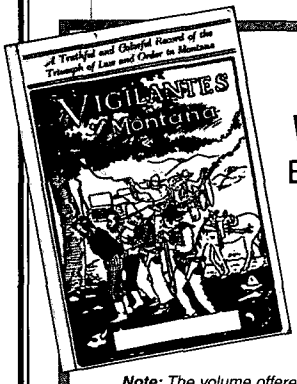
- **Billy the Kid's rifle:** $500,000.
- **An image of an Ellsworth, Kansas gunfighter, with tied-down holsters:** $2,700



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Hank played with a Dead Man's hand.
—KEVIN SMITH, *Liverpool, England (1997).*

> Any event, once it has occurred, can be made to appear inevitable by a competent historian"
> —ANONYMOUS

Courtesy Tony Fantilli, Civil War Playing Cards Gazette.

"RATHER A CLOSE SHAVE," *an 1863 Civil War-themed playing card.*

THE IRONY THICKENS

"The Spanish bullet is not molded that will kill me."
—ROUGH RIDER BUCKEY O'NEILL.
He was wrong; a Spanish sniper ended his life on July 1, 1898.

Historical Twins

Too Close for Comfort

Commodore Perry Owens, trigger-puller

Dale Evans, Trigger-owner

Special thanks to Larry Willis for the cool Dale Evans' photo, and the inspiration.

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Since 1953, **True West** has been the leading source for the West. Back issues of the venerable magazine are few and far between, and cherished by collectors of Western Americana (the very first issue, at right, goes for $25). Call for a list of available issues and individual pricing.

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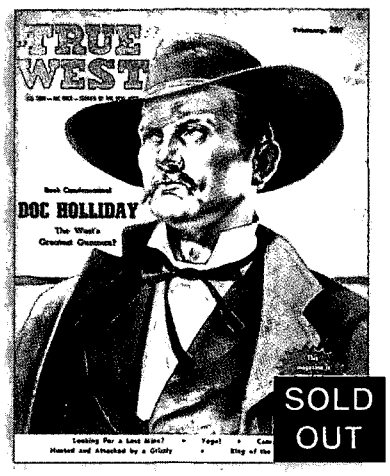

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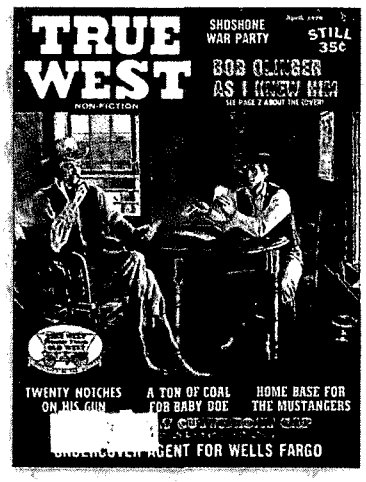

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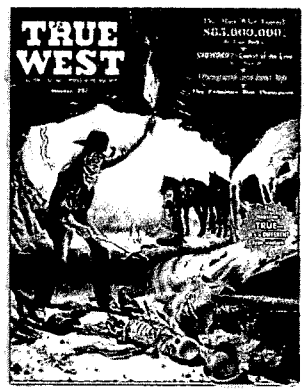

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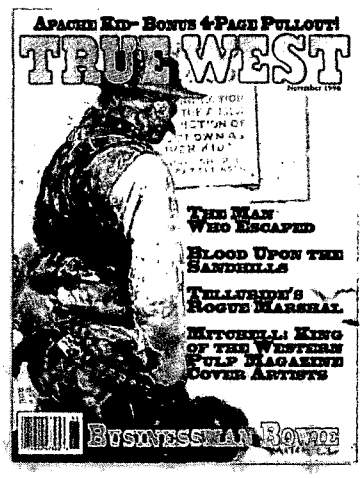

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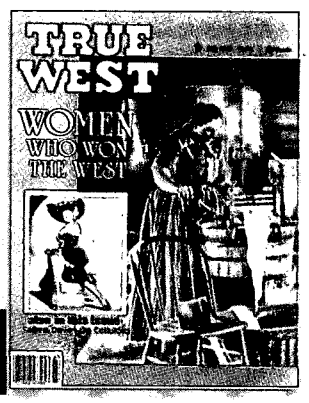

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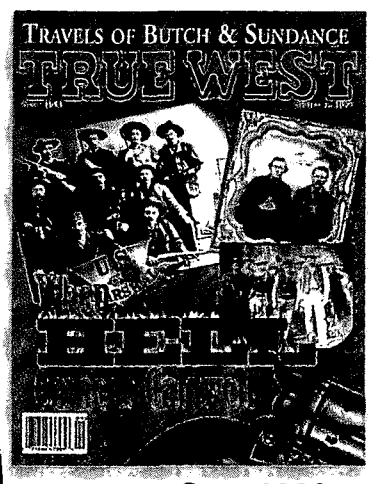

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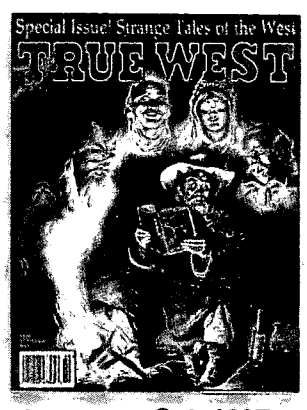

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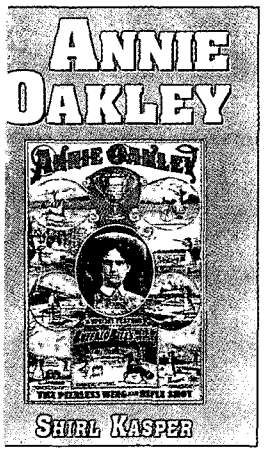

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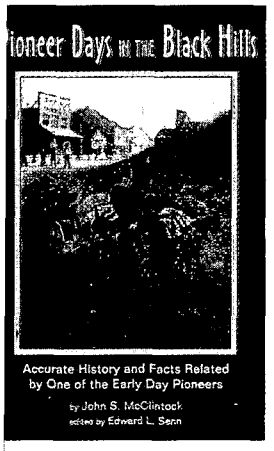

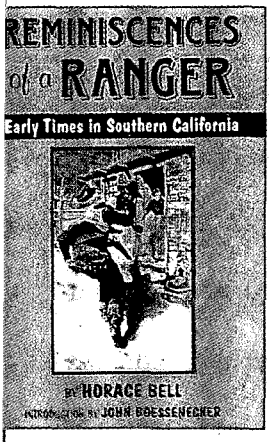

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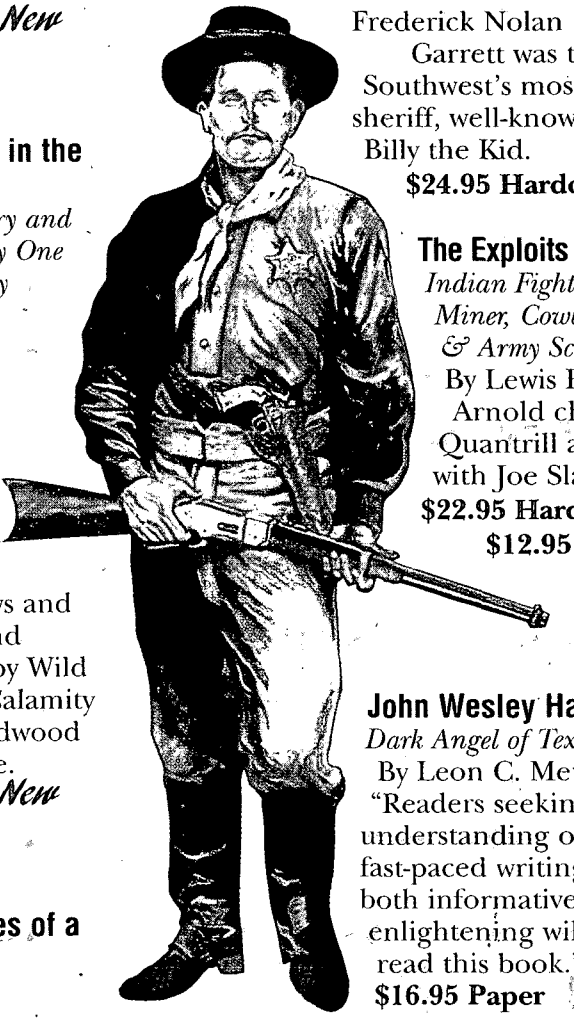

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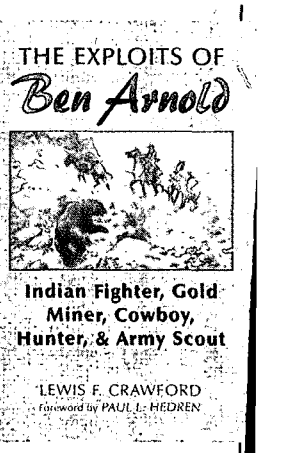

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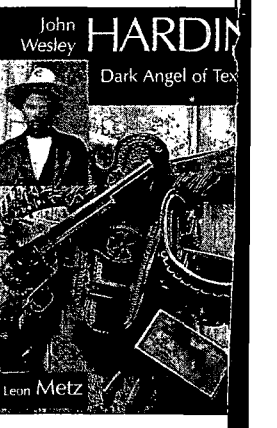

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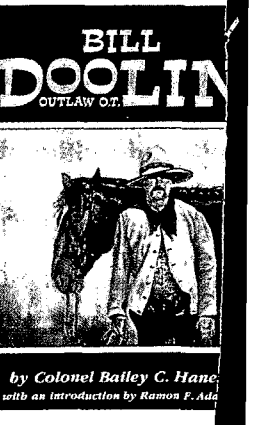

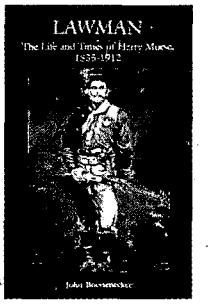

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